

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE.

Contents for June, 1925.

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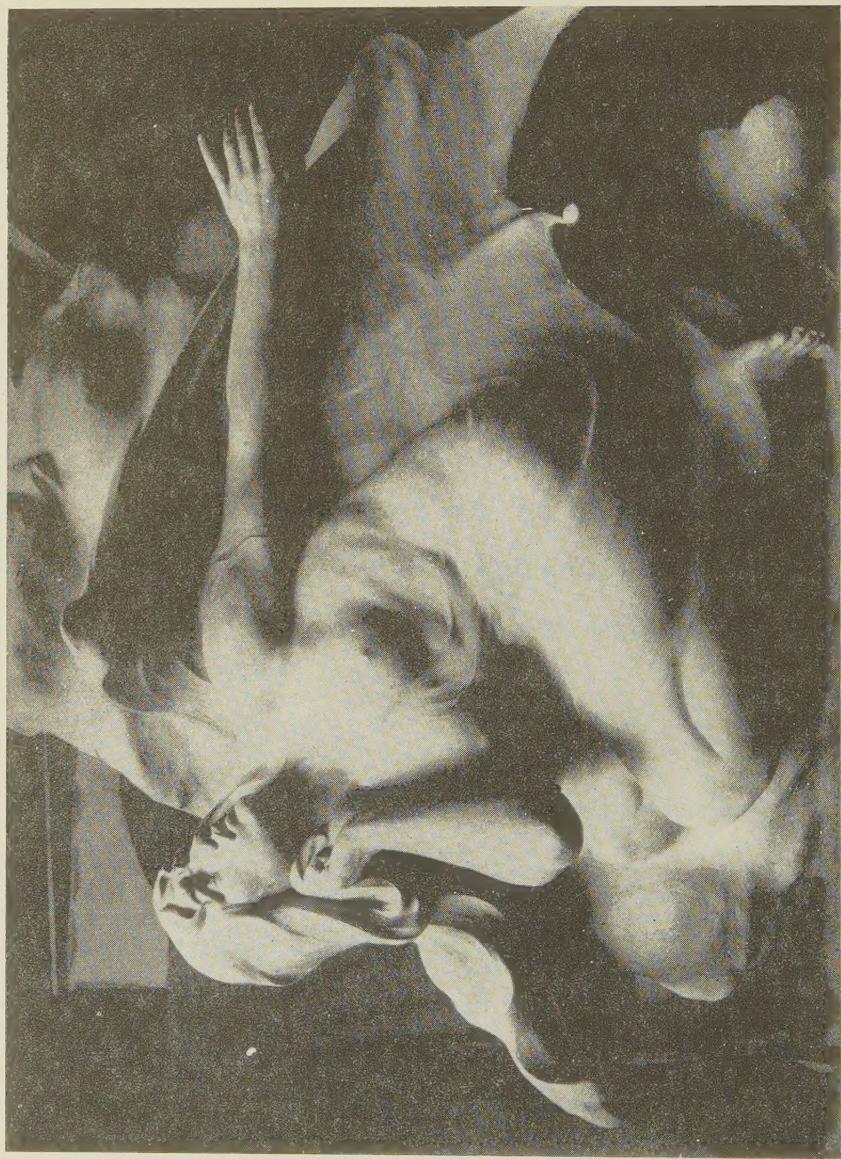
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"SIN VANQUISHED."
Detail from the Madonna statue on the Marienbrücke, Vienna.
By HANS SCHWATHE.

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

Edited by SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

Vol. II

JUNE, 1925.

No. 11.

Notes of the Month.

An English literary magazine, in a note on the late Lord Curzon, observes that although this statesman seldom quoted from a book, he was widely read, and even (though few would have suspected it) "had a considerable acquaintance with the work of the younger contemporary poets." The phrase "younger poets," struck us for the first time, after all these years of use. Who are the younger poets of England? Or rather when does a poet in England cease to be younger and become older? We first heard of important younger poets in 1912, when Rupert Brooke's name became known to the multitude; he was a leader of the Georgian school which, casting off *fin de siècle* influences (symbolism, Celticism and so forth) was about to recapture the fresh rapture of the Elizabethans. But most of the earlier Georgians—melancholy thought!—must now be men of middle age; there are, of course, later Georgians, the Sitwells, Robert Graves, Edward Shanks and others, who may still be properly called young poets. May we speak of middle-aged English poets? Perhaps the Georgians put Rudyard Kipling and William Watson—men in their sixties—in that category. But they evidently attribute to themselves a long lease of youth. This, however, is the more easily done since England owns two really venerable, and at the same time active, poets, in Thomas Hardy and Robert Bridges, both of them octogenarians. We take these two as the elder poets of England, and we have then to find a place for those who were young in the 'eighties and 'nineties of last century, which evidently will be under the title of "middle age." Now to be an octogenarian poet is a noble and distinguished thing; to be a young poet is a delightful romance; but to be a middle-aged poet sounds like no poet at all. Our computation, therefore, fits admirably with the prejudices of the Georgians who have much more sympathy with the art of Hardy and Bridges, than with the art of the later Victorians and earlier Edwardians, their immediate predecessors.

* * * * *

Lord Curzon, by the way, was a Trustee of the London National Gallery, and in that capacity, was the firmest opponent of the Irish claim for the restoration of the Hugh Lane pictures.

* * * * *

Lord Dunsany's play, *The Gods of the Mountain*, was performed on the opening night of Pirandello's theatre in Rome, and had a great success. The theatre is a very small one, and the cheapest tickets cost a pound; so that the function was of a social and intellectual rather than of a popular nature. Long runs are unknown in Italy, where all companies are travelling companies; even in Milan, when a new play is put on the stage, the opportunities of the public for seeing it are limited to a few nights. Pirandello's theatre, like the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, is an attempt to establish a literary tradition in dramatic art, and to give

this tradition a home. There has been in Italy, as in other countries, a reaction against mere realism on the stage, as also against the comedy of modern manners; and Lord Dunsany, a distinguished foreign representative of this reaction, who also, in the sardonic character of his fantasy, lends himself to the Italian understanding, was happily selected to share the honours of opening the new theatre with Pirandello himself who produced a new play for the occasion.

* * * * *

In France, even more than in other countries, dealing in first editions has become an important branch of trade. Enormous prices have been reached at recent sales in Paris. This April the great event was the sale of the library of M. Andre Gide, the novelist and critic. His books included *Les Epaves* (a volume of Baudelaire's suppressed poems), *éditions de luxe* of his own works, a series of first editions of Jammes, Huysmans, Goncourt and Maeterlinck, and Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, with portraits and an autobiographical letter of the author in the Brooklyn edition of 1855. To this last—although surely the Brooklyn edition and Whitman's autograph are not among the greatest rarities—considerable importance was attached; the item had even been specially advertised throughout Europe in the Continental *Daily Mail*. M. Gide, following the prevalent custom, wrote a preface for the catalogue of sale. Many of his books, he said, had lost the sentimental value which they once had for him; he must have meant that he had outgrown old literary influences represented by his authors. And he had never cared much for worldly possessions. So why, on the eve of a long voyage, should he leave objects of value to moulder on his shelves?

* * * * *

Once more we congratulate the Royal Dublin Society on its triumphant progress through difficulties which would have crushed—even destroyed for ever—any other Society in the world. The Spring Show, which concluded on Saturday, May 16th, was one which broke all previous records, both as to entries and attendance.

To step inside the gate at Ballsbridge last week was to leave at once the world of politics, and to enter a place where North and South, East and West were as one in the good work of setting this war worn country of ours industrially on its feet again.

The Spring Show of 1925 will, we venture to prophesy, be remembered not only as an outstanding success, but also as the first genuine sign of a national awakening. And not only in the industrial world is that awakening to be felt, for in the world of Art there are also "stirrings." The Feis Ceoil was not, perhaps, so distinguished for the number of its entries, but there was abundant evidence of a wider interest in its work, and the attendance at its competitions was well up to the record of former years. The Dublin Philharmonic Society, whose inaugural Concert was given on May 16th (Vaughan William's Mass in G Minor and Granville Bantock's Pageant of Human Life being the works performed), the two fine organ recitals by Dr. Heuston in St. Patrick's Cathedral, the earlier recital by Dr. Ellingsford in St. George's, all drew attendances larger than could have been possible a year ago. Dublin is badly in need of good musical criticism, but even in this respect we seem to notice a faint improvement of late, and it will doubtless come in time, for Music, even more than Poetry, has to "create the taste by which it is to be appreciated." The opening day of the Royal Hibernian Academy drew a record attendance, and although there is perhaps no work of exceptional interest exhibited, there are many which will repay a careful study.

The smaller exhibitions by Mr. Charles Lamb, by Miss Eva Hamilton and by Miss Freda Perrott are all signs of this awakened interest in the Arts. As

we go to press the Water Colour Society of Ireland has opened its annual exhibition, which promises to be a most interesting one, comprising, as it does, some sketches by the late Nathaniel Hone.

The exhibition of classical dancing given by Miss Dorothy Forrest at the Abbey Theatre on Monday evening, the 11th May, was a delightful performance and an artistic event of the month. Miss Forrest, who was assisted by Miss Dorothy Searles and Miss Josephine Hodges, gave some twelve dances, most of which were in the pure classical style. The Pyrrhic dance with Miss Searles was received with great enthusiasm, as were the interpretation of the Greek emotions in Joy, Sorrow, Tragedy and the final Funeral March. In addition, to the classical programme a delightful example of Mime "*Et Puis Bon Soir*" was given. This old Italian and French art, which has recently been revived with such success in London, and by Sophie Jenner at Stratford-on-Avon, has its appeal to a Dublin audience, and Miss Forrest and her little company were greeted with cries of enthusiasm—for, of course, Dublin ever loved the Harlequinade—and Dublin, with all its weariness of years, is still young! Miss Forrest will be welcomed again when she comes to us.

Some Quaint Old Playgoing Customs.

By W. J. LAWRENCE.

WHEN the King came to his own again and the theatres reopened after a long period of puritanical gloom, the seeds of trouble for the players were plentifully sown by the resuscitation of certain old playgoing customs which lent themselves only too readily to the fostering of that most undesirable type of playgoer, the smart man about town, who, without possessing any particular interest in the drama and with no aim beyond that of displaying himself, made the theatre a regular rendezvous. The misfortune was that all the circumstances of the hour tended to institutionalize this buzzing mosquito (as Cibber dubbed him), since he found ready means of whiling away the time agreeably with Phyrne and Lais in the side-boxes. That "in the meantime some necessary questions of the play" were then to be considered gave no pause to his idle and distracting chatter. But the amazing thing of all was that, so far from being mulcted heavily for his privileges, he got off more lightly than other classes of playgoer. Which means to say that in tamely acquiescing to the renewal of certain old customs, the players had provided rods for their own backs.

What, then, were the conditions of the time which made playhouse-lounging (one cannot properly say playgoing) a cheap and easy matter for the Restoration fop? First and foremost, it needs to be recalled that habitués of the boxes, unlike frequenters of the other parts of the house, who were compelled to pay their money at the door, passed in unchallenged. It was the business of the box-keeper to collect the admission money between the acts in the region where rank and fashion most did congregate; and anybody who chose to depart before the box-keeper reached him saved his four shillings. Hence arose the privilege in the boxes of seeing an act of a play for nothing, a privilege which somehow extended itself to the pit, where the playgoer could get his money back, if he stayed only for a single act. Odd as this custom seems to us now, it had its uses. On the principle of "taste and try before you buy," it enabled the frugal, if honest-minded playgoer to sample a piece of whose qualities he knew nothing. Pepys was of this order, and Pepys records how on a certain afternoon early in 1668 he visited both theatres, going "into the pit, to gaze up and down, and there did by this means, for nothing, see an act in *The School of Compli-*

ments at the Duke of York's house, and *Henry the Fourth* at the King's house; but not liking either of the plays," took his coach and returned home.

But for every spectator in the pit who made honest use of the privilege, there were half a dozen fops in the boxes who used it dishonestly. There is no better teacher (of a kind) than an empty purse, and frequent shortness of money made these witlings proficient in the gentle art of bilking the box-keeper. So far from having to suffer humiliation by leaving the house when he came round, they simply dodged about between the acts from one side of the boxes to the other, and grew so expert in manœuvring that they sometimes sat out a whole play without parting with a stiver.

Added to this, there was in early Restoration days another revived custom which had little utility beyond enabling servants to come into the theatre to see their masters and mistresses home, but which proved eminently grateful to the box-loungers. This was the privilege of entrance to all parts free at the close of the third act. (In those days only one play was given at a time, and it was invariably of the regulation five acts.) All things considered, there is little need for wonder that the players were soon lashed into madness by the pretty ways of the Sir Novelty Fashions, whose practice it was to oscillate from theatre to theatre, and to go out noisily in the middle of an absorbing scene, so that the attention of the audience might be attracted to their own dainty figures.

Eventually, since the Restoration playhouse was little more than a court appanage, there was an appeal unto Cæsar, and Cæsar sympathetically responded. From 1663 onwards, intermittently throughout a considerable term of years, a series of royal proclamations were made with the view of correcting playgoing abuses. At first it was thought sufficient to disallow "the pretended privilege by custom" of free entry at the end of the third act, but later on the comedians were authorised to refuse to return any money under any conditions whatever once it had been paid. But the town evidently knew its old Rowley; not the most timorous of box-loungers turned a hair, and things went on in the old noisy, provoking way.

This is a deceptive world, and even proverbs lie on occasion. The danger of acquiring habits, particularly the initially inexpensive sort, is that although times change, we cannot always change with them. Taxation may treble the price of drink, but the confirmed tippler remains a confirmed tippler. So considerable was the public availing itself of the privilege of free entry at the close of the third act when the seventeenth century reached its last lap that the patentees and players laid their heads together and devised a simple plan whereby these troops of late-comers should be compelled to bring grist to the mill. A small charge was made to each section of the

house, barely more than a fifth of the original price of admission, so small indeed that the nascent protestants against the abrogation of privilege were shamed into silence. Thus the price to the pit, where admission on the opening of the doors was half a crown, was fixed at sixpence. Yet trifling as was the general impost, the new rule brought a steady revenue of £500 a year into the house.

The establishment of this system of "after-money," as it was called, proved far-reaching in its consequences; it practically revolutionised theatrical routine. To say that it was the *fons et origo* of that legend of our youth, "Half Price at Nine O'Clock," is only to write the preface to the story. There is a vital difference between the spectator who comes in free, on sufferance, and the spectator who pays the stipulated charge, no matter how small. Something of substantive interest must be given in the theatre for money, and it cannot be yielded by the last two acts of an ordinary play. Extrinsic features had to be introduced, considerably to the lengthening of the evening's fare. Remote effects are not always readily traceable to their causes, and it has not hitherto been perceived that the custom of giving interludes of song and dance and acrobatics between the acts, which sprang up in the last decade of the seventeenth century, was due to the need to cater for the late-comer. Thoughts of him, also, had something to do with the marked revival of spectacular opera, since an opera at almost any juncture proffers its measure of delight either to eye or ear. Most important of all, though the effect was far from immediate, the institution of after-money led to the firm establishment of the afterpiece. Afterpieces first began to be experimented with in 1701, when Farquhar and Motteux's three-act farce, *The Stage Coach*, was added as makeweight to the slight new comedy of *Sir Harry Wildair* at Drury Lane; but it was not until a decade later that afterpieces came to be a regular feature of the bill. Ultimately the well-being of dramatic art was materially furthered by the vogue of farce, which, though not wholly able to destroy its tyrannies, revealed the manifold defects of the five-act form.

Nor was this all. The establishment of a second price in the theatre created history. In December, 1694, or about three years after the system had been instituted, a violent dispute arose between the patentees and the players of Drury Lane in which the vexed question of the allocation of the after-money played a prominent part; with the result that Betterton and several other noted players withdrew their allegiance to the united theatres, and, armed with the King's authority, built a new playhouse in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

It must needs be said, however, that, as an offset to the advantages it brought in its train, the system of after-money operated injuriously on playhouse decorum. One finds an essay on

"Audiences" in *The Connoisseur* in 1754—at a time, be it noted, when the cost of belated admission was considerably heightened—in which the writer maintains that frequenters of the Middle Gallery were alone in visiting the theatre "purely for the sake of seeing the play," and administers certain well-deserved rebukes to disturbers of the peace:—

"Here I cannot help recommending it to the gentlemen who draw the pen from under their right ears about seven o'clock, clap on a bag-wig and sword, and drop into the boxes at the end of the third act, to take their half-crown's worth with as much decency as possible; as well as the Bloods who reel from the taverns about Covent Garden near that time, and tumble drunk into the boxes."

There was a certain subtlety in the Post-Restoration box-haunter of the fopling order. One may write him down as a past-master of the as yet undisseminated science of Jiu-Jitsu, inasmuch as he knew how to direct the forces exerted against him by his antagonists so as to bring about their own defeat. So far from proving a serious clog upon his activities, the new regulation assured him of a very pleasant evening at a very trifling cost. How this was managed is mordantly revealed in the prologue to D'Urfey's comedy, *The Bath, or The Western Lass*, as delivered at Drury Lane in 1701:—

"I'm told that beaux with perukes covered o'er,
Make such strange shift to save poor shillings four;
They'll in side-box three acts for nothing sit,
At last sneak down for sixpence to the pit."

From this it appears that the fops were no longer content to take their pleasures piecemeal, and, *mirabile dictu*, had actually began to evince some spasmodic interest in the play. The truth is that they had compensated themselves for the loss of privilege they had sustained at the fag-end of the evening by insisting on an extension of the period they could remain gratis. By the end of the century the box-keepers had grown tolerant of their presence for at least two acts. Cibber, in his prologue to *Love Makes a Man*, at Drury Lane in 1700, characterises the beaux as those

"Who for an act or two are welcome gratis,
That tip the wink, and so sneak out with *nunquam satis*."

Seven years later, Farquhar's Archer, while discussing with his friend Aimwell the dread alternative to their situation in the country, spoke with disgust of the compulsions of an empty purse, and among other things, their being obliged, when in town, "to sneak into the side-box, and between both houses steal two acts of

a play, and because we hadn't money to see the other three, we come away discontented and damn the whole five." Here the meaning is but ill-expressed. What Archer wished to convey was that when constrained to leave the one house after having seen the first two acts they packed off to the other and stole another two. The amazing thing is to find that this privilege was still meanly insisted upon and still being conceded half a century later. Satirised as they had been generation after generation by prologue-writers, the box-loungers were never quite so witheringly treated as they were by Fielding in his "History of the Life of the late Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great," in 1743. Despised by a master thief for petty thievery, they had surely reached the last stage of degradation:—

"A long intimacy and friendship subsisted between the Count and Mr. Wild, who, being by the advice of the Count dressed in good clothes, was by him introduced into the best company. They constantly frequented the assemblies, auctions, gaming tables and playhouses; at which last they saw two acts every night, and then retired without paying—this being, it seems, an immemorial privilege which the beaux of the town prescribe for to themselves. This, however, did not suit Wild's temper, who called it a cheat, and objected against it as requiring no dexterity, but what every blockhead might put in execution. He said it was a custom very much savouring of the sneaking budge (shop-lifting), but neither so honourable nor so ingenious."

One should like to be able to account it unto the master-ironist for righteousness that, in making Wild so express himself, he had rung the death-knell of the contemptible old practice. But that would be a stretching of the truth. Certainly a measure of reform came four years later, when Garrick, on assuming the management of Drury Lane, insisted on everybody taking a ticket at the door. But as the box-lounger could get his money returned by departing at the end of an act, no material change had really taken place. Such, indeed, is the potency of custom that it was not until 1788 that the buzzing of the old mosquito was for ever silenced.

Poetry :

The Lamb of Lomond.

By WILLIAM JEFFREY.

I glided in my small canoe
Across the crisping waters wide,
I came unto a meadow's side
Beneath a Ben of purple hue.

I saw a lamb there, white and small,
An April lamb, whose tender feet
Were scarce acquaint with grass and peat,
Whose body was a soft snow-ball.

"A slender thing," I said it was,
"And frail as spreading flakes of snow ;
Worthless to me as stars that glow
Remote in waters smooth as glass."

And I had passed the lambkin by,
And never seen that shore again,
When lo ! a sound, like singing rain,
Came breaking over earth and sky.

The sun had risen free, I saw,
Above the wooded mountain's rim ;
I saw the silver feet of him,
And his great strength that hath no flaw.

He flung his beams across the air,
And one upon the lambkin fell—
So bright a beam, I cannot tell
How bright it was to look on there.

The lambkin's wool with silver fire,
Shot forth and grew to giant size ;
Two stars he had in place of eyes,
And for his voice an angel's lyre.

O'er earth, o'er space, through dark, through light
(I heard this voice of marvel sing),
Why dost thou go on weary wing,
O soul of Man, imprisoned might ?

In all that Vast expect to find
The deathless flower of Eden's tree
That shall bring vision's power to thee
And wrap from space and time thy mind ?

On this sweet meadow take thy rest ;
Here light along soft verdure spreads,
Here daffodils lift lazy heads
And nod to sleep thy weary quest.

In me thy dear desire is shrined ;
In me the ends of heaven meet ;
Through me thy birth and growing fleet ;
With me thy coming power is twined.

How softly past this meadow green
The silver streams to music slide !
So softly walketh by my side
The feet of Him thou hast not seen.

On vineyard hills of Galilee
I saw these feet soft-sandalled go,
Soft-sandalled and with tread of snow
They walked amid Man's misery.

So walk they still—a joy expressed
In flower and meadow, hill and flood ;
To their soft motion beats my blood ;
In their dear presence find thy quest !

Beneath this mountain, dark and deep,
Amid great stones and fires encaged,
Shaketh the might of one that raged
When life first woke from matter's sleep.

Now is he chained and fast mewed up,
 Yet still he shaketh underground,
 The enemy of Love's sweet sound,
 A deadly poison in life's cup.

O'er this dread evil walk Love's feet ;
 Celestial, pure, like light they move
 On crystal snowfields wrapt above
 Antarctic's bleak volcanic sheet.

So move they ever till time end,
 Till good and evil join in one,
 Till earth and moon melt in the sun,
 And Man with life Eternal blend !

Sonnet.

By K. ARNOLD PRICE.

When I grow very old and think of you
As one who died a thousand years ago ;
When these unshaken lids no longer know
The world that Botticelli's Venus knew ;

When all the wild immortal winds that blew
Forgael upon his secret way can blow,
No flame within this heart, nor shall I go
Straying in gardens Aubrey Beardsley drew ;

When life goes past my window, and Time bates
My blood, before he steals my wits away,
I'll come to sit beside a friendly fire,
And mock the world with Congreve and John Gay
I'll read no more in Shelley or in Yeats,
But keep fit company with Donne and Prior.

In Merrion Square.

By SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

On the well-scrubbed wide steps
Of the great house
In the soft summer night
She sits in joyous state,
But still as any pilfering mouse
Her evening meal laid out meticulously:
Four courses—meat and bread,
Potatoes (cold), and on an old tin plate,
Kept wisely, to await
The waning appetite,
An orange glowing gold.
The rest on paper dishes spread with care,
And as she eats she bows, now here, now there,
With gestures of an old
Forgotten courtesy,
Tempting invisible guests
Out of the purple air,
To share the feast, partake the glowing joy.
O wise ones who pass by
Tell, of your wisdom, tell
Plain truth or paradox
Is it not well
With her alone, not lonely there?
The dish of herbs where love is,
The stalled ox?
Loud guests, lit halls—or silent spirits of the air?

Birds.

By JOHN ORWELL.

Truly these women are like birds, they take
Their pleasures delicately ; now they stand
Upon the pavement with a foot upraised,
Nestling an ankled softness. Now launch out
Across the crowded street, scarce touching it,
Like water-hens across the sedgy lake,
Or stand in sunlight preening, like a bird,
Above still 'water, or, when rain looms dark,
Crowd into some tall doorway wing by wing,
Like peacocks under yew trees in the Park,
Delicate and delightful and absurd.
Then venture forth again. Upgathering
Feather-like frills, they step demure as nuns.
Nor heed the menacing eyes on every side,
Dead set unceasingly like levelled guns.
Truly I think each woman is a bird.

Hans Schwathe.

IRELAND AND AUSTRIA.

By W. W.

THE absence of any real art in the churches is one of the distressing aspects of Catholicity in modern Ireland. The churches are, for the most part, cheap, tawdry and over-decorated. It is not entirely through lack of money; it is mainly through lack of taste.

Even where simplicity is attempted it is machine-made. One is everywhere struck by the appalling lack of unity and beauty, by the absence of the personality of an artist. There are some notable exceptions: one or two gems of Irish-Romanesque style, such as the Honan chapel in Cork; some few dozen stained glass windows by modern painters in glass, like Miss Purser and Harry Clarke; the altar by Sir Edwin Lutyens in St. Patrick's, Belfast; the strangely beautiful triptych above it by Sir John Lavery, where the homely background of Antrim hills as a setting for the truly Irish Madonna, and for the youthful and charming figures of St. Patrick and St. Brigid, suggests how inspiration might be drawn from Irish characteristics in Church decoration.

And again, the Irish Romanesque chapel by Scott at Spiddal, with its bare walls relieved by rich mosaic Stations of the Cross, and its entirely delightful altars of grey marble, happily placed in the wild and beautiful scenery of Galway, where Connemara begins.

Apart from these and a few others, there is on the whole a terrible drabness, relieved occasionally by downright blatant ugliness, in Irish churches. Dyspeptic, stencil designs deface the walls of churches which might otherwise lay claim to simplicity and beauty. Anæmic stained glass parodies in an unholy manner the jewel-like work of the mediæval artists. Rather under-decoration than over-decoration. Better a thousand times the restfulness of cold sunlight and bare walls than the distraction of nightmare fancies in an orgy of diluted colour. Our religion is divorced from art; that is, from life. Or is it that the lives of the Irish people, like their religion, are dull, drab and lifeless? Is it a question for the metaphysician rather than the artist?

One thing is clear. We are afraid of beauty. We shrink prudishly from joyousness. We have forgotten how to praise God. And yet it is not in the tradition of the Catholic Church to be thus. There was, to mention only one expression of a contrary virtue, the fifteenth century in Italy. There were our own early Christian

monks who revelled in joyous colour and design. There is a good deal of talk about the conventionalism, the lifelessness of Irish design, while we overlook the creative zeal the old monks showed in illuminating, and even in building.

They put into their manuscripts the rich and colourful expression of the exuberant life that was in them. They sought and found beauty, and, though the means to its expression was narrow and conventional, it was the highest they could find. Many of the laws of drawing and painting were not yet discovered ten centuries ago. It is audacious in us to emphasise the limitations of Irish art in such an early period, while we ourselves do nothing to emulate the Irish monks in the most unselfish and most God-given of virtues—the zeal for beauty and the energy to express it. Love of God, and love for the green sod of Ireland were the two motives which urged them on. It was an energising Christianity that they knew then, one true to the duality of human nature. Has the wind that blew life to flame then got lost in the labyrinth of the years? It looks like it, for we, as a nation, accept uncomplainingly as an expression of our religious life the monstrosities of the cheap manufacturer.

It might with reason disturb those who have the care of souls. We are in the grip of a commercial machine which manufactures our altars, our windows, our statues, and cheerfully daubs our church walls. If we don't take care, the machine may soon manufacture an ugly thing to set in the place of our souls. Furthermore, we are in danger of associating our religion with a scorn of delights, with the living of laborious days. Whereas true religion is joyous and robust, is a belief in something greater than ourselves, in something beyond the heart-beat of God that we call time. Being thus, it must, when most truly itself, seek expression in strong and beautiful lines, in riotous and rich colour, in words as inevitable as the stars, in imagery that makes dim the incarnadined setting of the sun. The trail of the Puritan serpent is still upon us. Perhaps we have not escaped entirely the influence of the cold winds of Jansenism which blew hard for some time down even to the nineteenth century. The effect was to cut us off from spontaneous joy, and the shoddy substitute we had to find, or die, has found a fitting expression in imitation marble-painted pillars, tinsel ornament, everywhere pretension and poverty.

It is therefore a pleasant and satisfying experience to visit a country which has a genuine national and Catholic culture; where poets, painters and sculptors derive much of their inspiration from their religion and devote themselves to her service. Such a country is Austria; where Catholicity stands not only for rectitude of life but also for the artistic expression of religious feeling. Vienna, naturally, illustrates this better than any other city. Austrian culture is seen there at its best. It has many beautiful churches with fine

windows, pictures, altars, statues, all with personality and temperament, satisfying the universal sense of beauty, and suggestive of deep religious feeling.

One does not, naturally, attempt to compare Ireland with Austria. Austria has had centuries of comfort and culture, of corporate national and religious life. Ireland's memories are of persecution and poverty. But we may learn much from a consideration of the fine things that Austrian Catholicity has brought forth. The Monarchy there did much to encourage Catholic art. The subject of this article, Hans Schwathe, is an example of what right national atmosphere can do to foster artistic genius. Schwathe, though a son of the people, became the foremost sculptor of Austria, under the direct patronage of the late Emperor, Franz Josef, and of the princes of other royal Austrian houses. He is a very great artist, and though his work is little known in Ireland, he is recognised on the Continent and in America as a genius of the first rank.

His life has not been a sensational one, but is extraordinarily interesting in its tenacity of purpose, in its devotion to an ideal. He is still a comparatively young man, having been born in 1870 in Silesia. It is seldom that a great artist receives international recognition so early in life.

Schwathe was born with a love for chiselling which was fostered by his mother, a woman of keen penetration and remarkable sympathy. With his mother's encouragement, and by the energy of his own genius, he won his way to fame. His genius is essentially simple, so that, knowing the man, one understands why he chose the classical style as the fit expression of his personality.

His religion, too, is distinguished by simplicity, by a strong grasp of the great essential Christian truths, and by a vivid realisation of the simple beliefs that make Christianity the religion of humanity. As a child he saw a man at work on a marble figure of Christ, and he resolved, there and then, to become a sculptor, and to make a great Christ.

His love for art and his strong religious sense were, thus, the two forces that united in his genius and dominated his life. His father could do little for him, being a poor man, and did not recognise as his mother did the germs of greatness in the child. But he sent him to a stone mason "to learn to chip stone." In the marvellous way that genius can bend environment to its will, Hans Schwathe found the opportunities for the technical training that was necessary for the attainment of his great idea. He went to a school of modelling. While there his work came under the notice of King Carol of Roumania, who happened to be passing through the little town. King Carol was the first to recognise genius in the boy's work, and asked to see him. After this, Schwathe spent eight years in a

school of art in Vienna, then went with a scholarship to Italy, where he studied the works of the classical masters.

Thus the preparation. Next came his career in Vienna. He started without capital, and tried to earn his living by designing for commercial firms. However, with the luck of the deserving, and sustained by the faith that genius has in itself, he continued his way. The attention of the reigning Prince Liechtenstein was attracted to a small bronze figure by him in an exhibition. Prince Liechtenstein one of the finest connoisseurs in Europe, bought the bronze, and encouraged the young artist to further efforts. Then came the first order, a monument to the famous surgeon, Zinsmeister. This made Schwathe famous and secured him work.

Amongst his best-known works may be mentioned the following: That to Schiller in Teschen; to Jahn in Troppau; the great bronze statue of the Madonna on the Marienbrücke over the Danube Canal in Vienna; the statue of Cardinal Gruschen in the Stefans Cathedral; the portrait of Karl Lueger in the Parliament buildings of Vienna; the statue of the famous priest, Abraham of Santa Clara, ordered by Prince Liechtenstein as a present to the town of Vienna; and many others; also many portraits of which, perhaps, the most famous is that of the Archduchess Marie Therese as a Red Cross nurse.

Many of his portraits and other works are in the possession of the Imperial House of Austria, and in the famous Liechtenstein collection. The only bronze bought in the Austrian section of the Paris exhibition in 1900 by King Edward VII. was one by Hans Schwathe.

His latest work is a colossal piece of sculpture, a group of the Resurrection for the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows in the Kaasgraben in Vienna. It is more than twenty feet high, and the same in breadth. Apart from the beauty of conception and execution, the mere technical achievement is stupendous, and such as only a man of genius is capable of. The subject is the apparition of Christ risen from the dead as seen by the two guarding angels. One angel gazes in rapture at the dazzling vision, whilst the other shades his eyes from its blinding splendour. In this, and in several other works, Schwathe has realised the ambition of his youth—namely, to create a great figure of Christ.

There is a quality in Schwathe's work, a quality derived from and peculiar to Austria which stamps its individuality, and which might appear strange to Irish taste, since the ideas embodied in it are unfamiliar in Ireland. Also, lovers of modern realistic art, with its startling innovations, will perhaps at first find his style disappointing, for he adheres rigidly to the old classical form. But the sheer beauty and consummate art revealed in it, with their universal appeal, quickly prevail, and demand delighted recognition by their own

merits, which are supreme. Indeed, in these days of new ideas and startling designs, when novelty and daring often masquerade as beauty, one turns with relief to the work of Hans Schwathe, with its feeling of repose and otherworldliness.

I had the pleasure of meeting the sculptor many times in his pleasant studio in the Prater. The Prater is the world-famous and beautiful park, where, in the old days, the Emperor allotted studios to the leading artists of Vienna. Although these artists have fallen on evil days, they still devote themselves with eager enthusiasm to their work. It is in the Prater that Hans Schwathe still works, left undisturbed by changing Governments. It is at all times beautiful, but when I walked there with Schwathe in the glory of the Spring of 1924, when it was alight with chestnut blooms, it was a sight not to be forgotten. Amid such scenes of beauty, and in the seclusion of a great mind, the ideas that come to life as beauty in marble and bronze have their marvellous birth.

Schwathe is a man of simple tastes and childish enthusiasms. He is full of fun, and enjoys a good joke. He is nowhere happier than in the People's Park, where he takes a boyish delight in the amusements, and may even be seen occasionally on the roundabouts and swings. His favourite dish is the Gulasch, the Hungarian national dish not unlike Irish stew, but whose pungent, penetrating flavour of Paprika—red pepper—lingers in the memory long after more æsthetic experiences are forgotten.

But that is Austria, and this is Ireland—far apart one might say. But even here there is a personal link, which may be a matter of interest to us, for Schwathe's wife is an Irishwoman, who takes a keen interest both in Ireland and in her husband's work. Like so many wives of great men she has a responsibility in his work, and makes smooth the path of domestic life for her gifted husband. It is to be regretted that Ireland has no example of the work of this consummate artist. There was a chance and it was missed. Schwathe designed an altar for an Irish church, but, perhaps, because the greatness of the artist was not fully realised the chance was allowed to pass by. It is not an unfamiliar experience in Ireland to lose through our ignorance and shortsightedness, works of beauty. We are certainly, through the loss of this projected altar of Schwathe's, by a great work of art, the poorer.

Connemara—Good or Bad.

By PATRICK KELLY.

V.—EDUCATION.

“**W**HATEVER learning the children had in the past, they have less now, and before long they'll have none at all.”

So said a man of Connemara in the year 1924. He was seventy-five years old ; therefore, he could not have been charged with immature judgment, or with yielding to some sudden whim of youth that sees everything wrong except what is conceived of itself. Youth was no longer with him, and if his judgment was not sound at the age of seventy-five, then it had decayed, or else had never been.

A remarkable statement this of the old man's, made half in sorrow, half in anger. He was thinking of his grandchildren when he made it. There was nothing behind it whereby it might be questioned and destroyed. It was as if he had said: Last week the weather was middling; now it is not even middling; and, judging by the signs of the past few mornings, we may expect very much worse weather next week.

During the days of the Results System, education in Connemara was scarcely imparted on an ideal plan. The teaching of Agriculture, for instance (the text book on the subject, if memory is not at fault, was by Professor Baldwin), was a mistake, and a mistake in education often has bad consequences. Agriculture was so much lumber thrown into the storeroom of the pupil's mind. It was not understood in a land where there is no agriculture. Professor Baldwin's system of cultivation might be very well for a model farm, but it could not possibly apply to Connemara. One cannot conceive Jack Dempsey as a student of Napoleonic strategy. The ring craft of Dempsey and the war craft of Napoleon are not quite the same.

A lesson book—or perhaps, properly speaking, a reading book—of the sixth standard of the National Schools of thirty years ago would be looked upon as a curiosity of literature to-day. It actually contained passages from Shakespeare! They say that even scholars and critics of the present time are not quite agreed on the meaning of some of Shakespeare's writings. I believe that as an Intellect he ranks with the greatest Earth has known; I understand that even the Americans say he was a top-notch poet—but although the immortal Shakespeare wrote in English and not in Greek, his writings—or such of them as appeared in the old National School books—must have been “all Greek” to the children of Connemara. Certainly

those who wished to implant in the mind of a Connemara child a taste for Shakespeare were either extravagant humourists, or else had no sense of humour, good, bad, or indifferent. It may be said that the children who baulked at Shakespeare, as a pony will shy at the sudden appearance of an unfamiliar object, found no difficulty and much real pleasure in committing to memory *The Barmecides* of James Clarence Mangan. So much for simple music in poetry as opposed to wonderful thought and philosophy deep as the ocean.

But Time, which is another name for change, brought its changes in the National School system. Shakespeare gave way to paper-folding. "From the sublime to the ridiculous," you will say. Not at all. Shakespeare is not a Man as Napoleon was, who was called by the peasants of France *L'homme*; Shakespeare is a Book, and a book is so many folds of paper held together in a cover. Shakespeare vanished in one form and reappeared in another. He was as little understood in the second form as in the first—and had as little value in the eyes of the children. The amazing thing is that the people who juggled with Shakespeare in such an extraordinary fashion did not prescribe a book on metaphysics—and then drop it for Homer or a course of sleight-of-hand tricks. . . . Still they did not accomplish any real harm. "What you don't know won't trouble you," may be rendered: "What you do not understand (in literature) cannot be dangerous."

The girl pupils, as a special privilege due to their sex, were taught Domestic Economy. Seeing that the unfortunate girls had nothing to be economical about, the irony of this was almost pathetic.

Still, in the days when Shakespeare ran in Connemara, the children were taught Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, and Geography. These are the essential subjects for Connemara; they are few, and they have the distinct advantage of being within the scope of the intelligence of those Western children.

It would be difficult to say what the education at present administered in Connemara is tending towards. It is conducted in two languages, neither of which is well understood by the pupils. Some of the teachers are native speakers of Irish, some have acquired, by patient study, a mastery of Irish; all are earnest, hard-working, capable, and deserving of more praise than usually falls to their lot. The teaching profession in Connemara is not a sinecure; on the other hand, it is a wearying business. The teachers know that between two languages the children are bewildered, but it is not theirs to question the wisdom of an order issued by the Education Board; they are in the position of soldiers: they receive a command and obey it. Apparently the managers, themselves men of great education, are powerless where the Education Board is concerned.

Nothing but Destiny itself will move from its dead course the Education Board of Ireland. (This last, it must be understood, is not to be taken *generally*. I am thinking only of education in Connemara. I have no interest in any other part of the country.)

Let us speak plainly. Why dismiss facts as if they did not exist? The most profound thinkers of Earth—men of action and thought combined—have never overlooked a fact that thrust itself within range of their vision. They have overcome facts where it was necessary to their purpose that they should do so, but they have never left them out of calculation. Napoleon counted the very bushes on a battlefield. A bush was a fact, not a mirage. Inferior minds cannot afford to set up new standards of thought; the great have been too many.

The capacity for education of a child in Connemara is not equal to that of a child in Dublin. This is simply a truism. The pace of thought in Connemara is necessarily slow: the pace of thought in Dublin is relatively very rapid. The National School programme of Dublin is out of place in Connemara. The environment of Connemara is not that of Dublin. Again, a child of Connemara must necessarily leave school at an early age; furthermore, attendance is by no means regular in Connemara. The weather is often so terrible that children are unable to venture out. A journey of three miles over exposed pathways, where even the very footing is uncertain, is not pleasurable. And sometimes those children traverse much longer distances in order to win such an education as will ensure them something better in America than actual manual labour.

Between two languages—English and Irish—so opposed in construction, the children are beset by a mist as they might be between two hills. Their intelligence is hardly equal to the strain of a bi-lingual education. Neither is their actual time at school sufficient to meet the call. While America remains the sole hope of Connemara, the present two-language teaching is wrong. Faced eternally with America, those people in their hearts wish for such an education *in English* as will meet their simple wants—in short, as will give them a fair chance in the American labour market. They have no love for the bi-lingual system. They would oppose it—if they knew how. Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, and Geography may be taught successfully in Connemara. They are great elementary subjects. Read, and you may read a newspaper and know something of the doings of the human family and of the politicians who are outside the human family. Write, and you have mastered the art of sending your thoughts however far, and telling your friends of your condition. Understand arithmetic, and you calculate; understand grammar, and nobody laughs at your attempt to convey thought. Understand geography, and you have some

knowledge of the planet Earth and its inhabitants. If you have an interest in a particular house, it is well to know something of its construction and of the people who reside in it.

It may be said : "Teach some of those subjects through the medium of Irish." Very well. But first stop emigration to the United States of America by finding something equally good for the people, and by holding that something when found.

Sentiment says : Teach the Connemara children Irish and teach them all necessary subjects through the medium of Irish. Common sense says : Since those children are destined for America, teach them five essential subjects *in English*, and teach them Irish *as an extra subject*. Sentiment is another name for love, and love is sometimes a weakness. Common sense is never wrong.

A murmur is a first indication of a restless atmosphere : a restless atmosphere produces a breeze, and a breeze becomes a storm. A storm is the unreasoning fury of the air.

To-day, because of a language which is their own, the people of Connemara murmur. To-morrow the murmur may be translated into action. The struggle for existence is a terrible conflict.

VI.—IRISH.

ON an autumn morning in the year 1923 a wayfarer, without luggage of any description, entered the railway station of Recess, in Connemara, and purchased a first-class return ticket to Galway.

He was a man intent upon his own pleasure which consisted, for the time being, of a study of Nature as Nature expresses herself in the solitudes of the West during the season of the warm moons.

He cast an appraising glance at the blue lake of Recess, asleep in the morning calm. Before entering the station he had looked intently at the green hill of Lissoughter, which is green, they say, because in its interior lie untold quantities of green marble. The surface of the mountain is in keeping with its hidden treasures. Lissoughter seems to contradict the adage : "Beauty is but skin deep."

The wayfarer wore in his coat a ring the colour of brass. Ireland is divided into groups, and the ring indicated that this man belonged to a particular group. The ring lessened his individuality therefore. He was no longer entirely himself, nor master of himself. He was a unit in a system: probably in a large book in an office in Dublin this dreamy-looking wayfarer was represented by a number. When a man was imprisoned in the Bastile, he was deprived of his name and given a number. He was at once

deprived of liberty and personality. It is only in a hospital ward that a number has dignity; there it is related to illness. Illness is a colossal mystery, since it is a personal warning from the Infinite.

The train having drawn into the station the wayfarer entered a third-class carriage where two young men whom he knew were seated. He did not desire his own companionship on the journey, and the single first-class compartment of the train was empty, nor was there a first-class ticket purchased at the station that morning but his own. The young men, who were seated by the far windows of the carriage, greeted him, and he sat by one of them and spoke of the weather.

Suddenly he became aware that two women had also entered the carriage. They seated themselves immediately inside the door and side by side. The noise of their entering—unnecessary it seemed to the wayfarer—drew his eyes to them.

He looked attentively at the two women. They were dressed alike. They wore blue dresses of the material called "lustre," and each wore two shawls, a large brown shawl, fringed, and a small white shawl, also fringed—as the wayfarer discovered later—which covered the head. From underneath those white shawls their hair appeared, parted in the manner shown in prints of the Madonna. The wayfarer judged them to be of middle age, and guessed them sisters. In this latter he was wrong.

The woman who sat nearer the wayfarer was remarkably handsome. She had a straight nose, eyes of dark hazel, a sensitive mouth and perfect teeth. Her eyes had a wistful expression, and in some direct way their light recalled to the wayfarer's mind the dusk of an autumn evening.

The other woman also was handsome, but her look was cold. Her eyes were grey. Her nose, which was rather large, was slightly curved. Her teeth, like her companion's, were perfect.

The two young men, beyond a casual glance, took no notice of the women.

After a little time the women began to converse. Their voices were low but distinct, and had a peculiar music that haunted the wayfarer for many a day after. They spoke, seemingly with great rapidity, and in a language which the wayfarer had heard for the first time. This unknown language puzzled and delighted him. It seemed to flow in liquid sounds like a mountain rill in the summer dawn.

The wayfarer turned to the young man beside him, and asked in a whisper:

"What language are these women speaking?"

The young man looked at him as he might at one who had suddenly lost his reason, and answered:

"Irish, of course."

The wayfarer was amazed.

"But you know Irish," said he, quickly and irrelevantly; "will you please speak to them?"

The young man smiled.

"I know Irish sure enough," he answered, "but I don't know the Irish that they know. They are from Carna direction, judging by their dress. I wouldn't care to talk to them: their Irish is too good."

The wayfarer sighed.

Between Maam Cross and Oughterard one of the women—she of the hazel eyes—took from her pocket a handful of *crannagh*, gave some to her companion, who bent forward and spoke to her in a low voice. The other smiled, showing her white and perfect teeth for an instant, as the clouds, parting, show the moon, and turning towards the wayfarer, extended her hand, saying in English, a distinct pause after each word:

"Will—you—eat? I—speak—no—English."

"Thank you very much," said the wayfarer earnestly. He took the *crannagh* from her hand as if it were some priceless thing and shared with his companions, who accepted a portion without the slightest expression of pleasure.

The wayfarer, encouraged by the fact that the woman had addressed him, asked slowly:

"Where are you going?" It was a simplified form of the customary: "How far are you travelling?"

"To—Galway," answered the woman.

"Where did you come from?" asked the wayfarer.

"From — beyond — Carna, — if — you — ever — heard — of — the — place," answered the woman.

"Indeed I did," said the wayfarer.

"This — woman — and — me — we — are — going — to — Galway — to — see — our — children — that — are — in — hospital."

"I hope they're not very bad," said the wayfarer.

"We—don't—know—yet," said the woman, and added: "are—you—going—to—Galway?"

"Yes," said the wayfarer, who understood at once the object of the question; "We will tell you when you get there."

The other woman remained silent during this short conversation, but smiled occasionally. Her smile was meant to express thanks for the stranger's kindness.

As the train was entering Moycullen, the men took their tickets from their pockets, tore them in two, returned half of each to the pockets, retaining in their hands the other parts. Tickets are

collected at Moycullen on the journey from Clifden to Galway. The women were interested spectators of the incident.

Presently each took a purse from her pocket and a ticket from the purse. The woman with the hazel eyes handed both tickets to the wayfarer, with a smile but without a word. The smile was a request. He, understanding her, took the tickets and tore them. He gave back the return parts to the woman, saying:

"Put these in the purses."

She said, "Thank you," smiled again, and the half tickets were at once restored to the purses. The ticket checker collected three tickets from the wayfarer.

On reaching Galway the wayfarer not only conducted the two women from the platform to the street, but walked with them to the gate of the hospital. The young men, who were in a hurry to transact business, went quickly out of the station, saying "good-bye" to the wayfarer.

What the wayfarer's thoughts were on the road to the hospital, what his thoughts were from the moment he learned that the women were conversing in their own tongue, which was Irish, there is no record. I am concerned only with his actual words and actions. They may furnish a clue to his thoughts.

At the gate of the hospital the women and the wayfarer parted. He expressed a sincere hope that they would find their children better. They shook hands with him, and each, in identical words, called down a blessing from Heaven on the head of the kind-hearted stranger who had treated them so courteously. He had never before heard that particular blessing: of this he was sure. Of two other things also he was sure: that it contained the name of the Virgin, and that it flowed like low music crossing the dusk of Summer. To his mind the words, as they fell from the lips of the women, seemed to sparkle like moon-tinted dew. It was a curious impression, but highly pleasing. He did not understand the words, but he felt their mysterious power. Instinctively he raised his hat. The women passed on to the hospital and out of his life.

The wayfarer walked slowly back to Eyre Square, entered an hotel and ordered—not breakfast, although he had eaten nothing since early morning, but tea. While waiting to be served he sat with folded arms, his head bowed. He had fallen into reverie.

Suddenly he straightened himself, unfolded his arms, took from an inner pocket a small leather case, drew the ring from the lapel of his coat, placed it carefully in the leather case, and the leather case in the inner pocket from which he had taken it.

Having accomplished all this, he sighed deeply.

That sigh was a tribute to the Irish language as spoken by two peasant women of Connemara. He could never hope to equal them—not in the years that were left him. His hair was streaked with grey.

This story was told me by the wayfarer himself. I have written it in my own manner, but I have added nothing, omitted nothing . . . I, too, have heard Irish spoken in Connemara.

Angel Jones.

By ROLF BENNETT.

WE were seated upon a timber baulk, the seafaring man and myself, gazing out across the river to where, on the opposite side, arose a forest of tall masts, slender rigging and towering funnels. Between this and ourselves brown-sailed barges floated leisurely down stream, and fussy, smoky, little tugs hooted and whistled as though the river belonged to them and all others were trespassers.

Neither the seafaring man nor myself had spoken, and we might have gone upon our several ways without exchanging a word but for an eager-looking, shabby little man who approached, carrying a sheaf of papers. He paused in front of us, presented me with one of the papers, and then handed another to my neighbour.

"Have you been saved, Brother?" he asked anxiously.

I am afraid that I expected to hear a derisive or profane reply, for the seafaring man looked, as sailors say, hard-bitten and salted. But he made no reply at all, and sat reading the tract which the stranger had given him.

"Brother," repeated the stranger, "have you been saved?"

The seafaring man looked up.

"Shall you be along this way in about a month's time?" he asked.

The shabby little man, looking rather surprised at the question, said that it was possible.

"Then I'll try and let you know by then, but I won't promise," said the seafaring man.

The other, clearly at a loss what to make of this, mumbled a pious wish, and hurried away to distribute more tracts and enquire concerning the salvation of other souls.

"I don't doubt but what he means well," remarked the seafaring man, "but I haven't got this matter properly settled to rights yet, not in my own mind. Sometimes I think I'll need salvation mighty bad, and that's a fact. But soon as I make up my mind to go right along to the Bethel and get converted, I think of Angel Jones and what happened to him."

"Angel Jones?" I repeated wonderingly.

The seafaring man nodded.

"Bill Jones was his proper name by rights, and he was a deck-hand aboard a brigantine, the *Golden Vanity*. But we always called him Angel Jones, and I'll tell you why. He was one of them soft

good-hearted, big fellers that's always doing other fellers' jobs for them. Never happy, he wasn't, unless he was doing something that somebody else ought to be doing. If the cook felt too tired to peel the potatoes, Angel Jones'd do them for him; if the chap at the wheel got a headache, Angel Jones would go along and do his trick for him. Didn't matter whether it was his watch below, or fine weather or foul, Angel Jones was ready and willing to go and act the good Samaritan.

"Well, that's the sort of chap he was. Always doing more than his bit. And everybody bullied him, from the skipper down to the cabin-boy. But he took it all as meek as a spring chicken, Bill did, for all he was that big and strong he could have knocked a bullock down with his fists. B'gee, you ought to have seen them fists of his, big as elephant's paws, they were, and as hard as lumps of teak. Well, the fellers, they led him a dog's life and all, but he just went on being Angel Jones and turning the other cheek to windward, like it says in the hymn book.

"Now one day the *Golden Vanity*, she hit a rip-snorter south of 55. Mommer, but it blew big guns, and the seas they came over the weather-rail with a wallop like a roar of thunder. A proper Cape Horn buster, it was, what they calls a pampero, and no two ways about it. It was 'all hands aloft,' and my, you should have seen them fellers skin up and spread out on the yards. Greased lightning was slow to it! For, d'you see, it was a toss-up whether she wouldn't go right over on her beam-ends with all that top-hamper standing.

"Well, they'd got in all the canvas except for a close-reefed main-course to steady her, when crack!—and away goes the fore top-mast as if it had been axed. Down it came with rigging and tackle and pulleys, right on the foc's'le head, where Angel Jones was keeping a look-out.

"It fetched him a mighty crack, that top-mast did, and down he went with all the gear on top of him. A proper gummy mess it was, and all.

"Now when Bill Jones woke up, he wasn't aboard the *Golden Vanity* at all. He didn't know where he was, and all he could see was clouds—clouds everywhere, white clouds; and they were on top, underneath and all around. Then it struck Bill all of a sudden, that he wasn't himself at all, but only a spirit floating about like a lost feather. Well, he went on floating and floating, dodging in and out among the clouds, and wondering what was going to become of him, which was a very natural thing to wonder. And he didn't like it, Bill didn't, which was likewise very natural, he never having been a spirit before as far as he could recollect. I expect me and you'd feel the same if we was spirits.

"Very well then. On he went, bobbing about like a cork in a puddle, as you might say, and with never a notion of where he was heading. For there wasn't no telling north from south, nor east from west; no, nor latitude and longitude neither, so far as Bill could tell. A proper lash-up it was, and no mistake. And then, in a flash, as the saying is, the clouds seemed to melt away, and Bill found himself outside a big door all of solid gold, and with a gold bell-chain hanging down just handy. Now that was a mighty queer thing to run alongside of in mid-air, so to speak, wasn't it? A big gold door, mark you, and down below, millions and millions of fathoms below, the *Golden Vanity* fighting her way through a Cape Horn buster.

"Well now, the finest navigator living couldn't have worked out that course, not even if he was a Lord High Admiral and all. No, sir, he could not, and I'll tell you for why. That gold door was the Gate of Heaven. It's a fact, and Bill knew it directly he set eyes on it. Scores and scores of times he'd sang in seamen's Bethels and the like, about a mansion in the skies, and here he was at last safe outside the door—safe outside the Gate of Paradise, while hell was ripping the guts from out of the *Golden Vanity*.

"He grabs the bell-chain, Bill does, and hauls on it as if it was a jib-halyard and the bos'un standing by saying things. Yes, I reckon he must have raised Cain on that bell, for it hadn't stopped ringing when the door opens and an old gent with a long white beard looks out, and mighty flurried he was, too. He looks at Bill, then right past him, and then back at Bill again.

"'Where are they?' says he.

"'Where's who?' says Bill.

"'The Archbishops and the kings, or whoever it is that's coming.'

"'I ain't seen none yet,' says Bill 'Maybe they didn't come my way.'

"The old gent, he seemed all taken aback for a moment, and then his face grew dark as thunder.

"'D'you mean to tell me,' says he, 'that you've been and kicked up all that racket on your own account?'

"'Why,' answers Bill, 'I was that anxious to get into Heaven, I just hauled on good and hard. I'm sorry,' says he, 'if I made too much noise.'

"'Noise—you woke up half Heaven and drowned the whole choir. An archbishop couldn't have made more rumpus, and you don't look to be even a deacon. Who are you, anyway?'

"'I'm Bill Jones.'

"'That's good news,' says Peter—for it was him sure enough—'we have about a thousand Joneses a week call here, and most

of 'em are Bills or Davids. What Bill Jones are you?' says he.

" 'I'm Bill Jones, the sailor.'

" 'A sailor! See here, young man, you've gone adrift in your reckoning,' says Peter. 'This is Paradise you're outside of, not a home for lost sailors.'

" 'But I want to come in,' says Bill. 'I been laying a course for Heaven ever since I left Sunday School and got converted. It seems sort of hard,' says he, 'that I can't come in, now I've fetched port.'

" 'I'll say you've got a nerve, Bill Jones,' says Peter, 'I will that. Who put this Heaven idea into your head?' says he. 'I'd like to meet that feller. Who ever he was, I'd give him the rough side of my tongue and all, putting them sort of notions about. Heaven's a place for saints and bishops, and the likes of them, not for Godless, blaspheming, hard-drinking sailors, who haven't got a soul above rum hot and dice. No, my lad, I'm sorry, but you've been misinformed.'

" 'Hold hard there!' Bill shouts as Peter was about to shut the door on him. 'You're making a mistake,' says he, 'I've never touched rum hot, nor shook a dice-box, nor blasphemed in all my life.'

" 'What's that?' says Peter, opening the door a bit, so's he could see better.

" 'And,' Bill goes on, 'I spent all my time ashore at prayer-meetings, and when at sea I did other fellers' jobs for them, and never even cussed the bos'un's mate.'

" 'I don't quite know what to make of you,' says Peter, staring hard at Bill. 'I was at sea for a while myself, and never did I hear of a sailor that hadn't cussed the bos'un's mate. You're either a saint,' says he, 'or else you're the biggest liar that ever stood outside these gates—and I'll give you three guesses as to which I think you are,' he says.

" 'All right then,' Bill tells him, 'look up my record. I don't ask no more than that.'

" 'Oh well, if you're going to push it that far, you'd better step inside and wait,' says Peter, grumbling like. 'Some of you folks seem to think we got nothing better to do up here than watch all your ginks down below, and record your silly little sins and virtues. However,' says he, 'I'll ask them in the office if they know anything about you. Let's see, what's your name again—Bill Owen?'

" 'Jones, sir, not Owen,' says Bill.

" 'Well, step inside, Jones, for it's mighty draughty standing palavering here,' says Peter, 'and me with a weak chest and all.'

" So Bill steps inside and waits while Peter goes into the office

to make enquiries about him. And far away in the distance he could see lovely buildings, all of white marble with golden roofs and towers, just like he'd pictured to himself. And likewise he could hear singing, very soft and beautiful, and he knew, Bill did, that he was listening to the Heavenly choir like what he'd heard tell of in the seamen's Bethels. Well, after a while Peter comes back, and mighty sour he looks.

"'It's all right,' says he, 'you're qualified, though I'm blowed if I know how you done it. Where d'you come from?' says he.

"'Cardiff,' answers Bill.

"'I thought so,' says Peter, 'you Welshmen seem to think Heaven was specially made for you. But, see here,' says he, 'don't you go heaving your weight about, my lad, just because you come from Cardiff. We got a back door here, as well as a front, and don't you forget it,' and he gives Bill a wink as much as to say, 'it's a sight easier to get out, than it is to get in.'

"Well, Bill gives a whoop of joy and was hurrying away, when Peter stops him.

"'Steady on there,' says he, 'where d'you think you're going?'

"'Why, over there of course,' says Bill, pointing to the marble buildings with the golden roofs.

"'Young man,' says Peter, 'you've got a tidy lot of things to learn yet, and one of them is that a common, tarry sailor—and no more than an A.B. at that—can't come in here and straight away make free with the likes of bishops and saints. You got to learn some manners first,' says he. 'Heaven ain't Liberty Hall, like some of you folks seem to think.'

"'What am I to do then?' asks Bill.

"'Just bide here for a bit, till you get some of them rough edges wore smooth. And maybe,' says Peter, 'I can find a few jobs to keep you out of mischief.'

"'I'm ready, sir,' Bill tells him.

"'Right; now you're starting to talk sensible, Angel Jones. Well, you can just mind the gate for me while I take forty winks,' says Peter. 'I believe I'm sickening for a cold,' says he, 'standing in a draught arguing with people like you.'

"'But how shall I know who to let in?' asks Bill.

"'Members of the clergy,' says Peter, 'come right in and no questions asked. If there are any others tell 'em to call round again. And mark you,' says he, shaking a finger at Bill, 'no trying to squeeze in any of your seafaring friends on the sly, or it'll be the worse for you, Angel Jones.'

"So Bill, he stands by the Gate, and it wasn't long before the bell starts ringing. First there was a cardinal and a bishop,

and when Bill opened the Gate, they both tried to get in at once. But they couldn't get through, being so stout, so they started arguing which had the right to go in first. A proper rumpus they made, till Bill caught hold of the cardinal and yanked him in. That made the bishop pretty mad, and he threatened to report Bill for insolence. He did that. Yes, he was properly upset, was the bishop.

"Well, Bill'd no sooner finished with them, than the bell started ringing again. He opened the gate, and there stood a couple of females. But he hadn't received no orders what to do with women, Bill hadn't, so he asks them what they are. And one, she said, she'd been married and had a right to come in, and the other, she called herself a virgin, and reckoned she deserved to get into Heaven.

" 'Just step inside,' says Bill, 'and I'll see what's to be done about it.'

"Well, they couldn't both get in at the same time, and they started to argue, and neither wouldn't let the other go first. And they made such a racket, these two women did, that they woke up Peter from his forty winks. And they no sooner see him, than they both started shouting at once, louder than ever. But at last Peter got them to stay quiet while he spoke.

" 'You watch me,' says he, with a wink at Bill, 'I'll fix them.'

" 'Ladies,' says he, very polite, 'you may both come in, but in order of seniority.'

"Now, would you believe it, neither of them two women would budge an inch. 'You go first, dear,' says one. 'Oh no, I couldn't think of it, you're so much older than I am,' says the other. Well, they kept it up so long, that at last Peter shuts the gate on them both.

" 'They'll stay there,' says he, 'for all eternity before one admits to be older than the other. You can always keep the women out that way,' he says.

" 'But aren't there any women here at all?' asks Bill.

" 'Where do you think you are?' says Peter.

" 'In Heaven,' says Bill.

" 'Then don't ask fool questions,' and Peter winks at Bill. 'And now,' says he, 'just go into the office and give a hand with the book-keeping. We're a bit behindhand with the records.'

"Bill went, and presently Peter sends for him.

" 'Angel Jones,' says he, 'you might get my harp and give it a clean up. I been that busy,' says he, 'it's ages since I touched it.' And when Bill'd done that, Peter says, 'Angel Jones,' says he, 'I got a score or so of sandals, you might give them a rub up against next Sunday.'

"Well, that's how it went on. It was 'Angel Jones do this,' or 'Angel Jones do that,' with never a minute's rest in between.

One long gummy backache it was, and at last Bill, he couldn't stand it no longer.

" 'See here,' he says to Peter, 'I thought Heaven was a place of rest, instead of which you've been grinding my irons worse than any bucko skipper. I'm fed up,' says he, 'and I wish I was back aboard the *Golden Vanity* south of 55, tornado and all,' says he.

"There was a dreadful sort of silence after Bill'd spoke. And then Peter, he goes right up to the gate and opens it wide.

" 'There's your road,' says he. 'Angels and bishops ain't good enough company for you, Bill Jones. All right, then back you go right where you came from,' says he, and he lifts his foot, Peter does, and hoofs Bill out of Paradise. And the next thing Bill knew, he was lying on the deck of the *Golden Vanity*, with the mate and some of the hands bending over him.

" 'Blessed if he ain't alive,' says the mate. 'And after a crack like that, too! My oath,' says he, 'if I had a head like that, I'd make my fortune putting it under steam-hammers for bets. Here, boys, carry him below.'

"So they took Bill down below and put him in his bunk. And a few days afterwards he was up on deck again, doing his bit. And then a strange thing happened. One day, when Bill was having his dinner, along comes the bos'un's mate.

" 'I want you to take a trick at the wheel, Jones,' says he.

" 'It's my watch below,' says Bill.

" 'What of that?' says the bos'un's mate. 'Jim Price has got a raging toothache, so you go and relieve him.'

" 'I'll see you damned first, and Jim Price too,' answers Bill, and goes on eating his dinner.

"Well, you could have heard the cockroaches crawling up the bulkheads, there was that much silence. Nobody aboard the *Golden Vanity* had ever heard Bill swear before, nor ever known him refuse to do a kind action. It sort of stunned them, like as if the skipper had started to holystone the deck on his knees. The bos'un's mate was the first to get over it. He started to say things—and he had a gift for language, had the bos'un's mate, I never heard one better—but before he'd had a chance to get properly warmed up, Bill ups and knocks him as flat as a jib down-haul.

"Well now, would you believe it, Bill Jones became the terror of the ship. There wasn't a man, from the Captain down to the cabin-boy, that didn't go in mortal fear of him. And swear—well! And when they got to Valparaiso, Bill, he left the *Golden Vanity* and shipped as mate aboard a Yankee brig.

"And that," concluded the seafaring man with a sigh, "is why I can't make up my mind whether to go and get saved or not."

A Prologue.

By RUTHERFORD MAYNE.

Scene—The River Square at Tubbermurray, a village in Mid-Ulster. On the right is an old-fashioned masonry bridge, spanning the river, which is hidden from sight by a low broad wall flanking the square on the right. In the distance beyond can be seen part of the upper reaches flowing through fields and plantations bright with the green of early summer.

A very old man is seated on the wall of the bridge, enjoying the heat of the summer afternoon. Near him a young man is stretched upon the wall, reading a newspaper. He yawns, stretches himself, and falls into an apparent doze. A long low whistle is heard, then the rumble of a train crossing a bridge in the distance.

Young Man.—What's that ?

Old Man.—Eh ?

Young Man.—I was half asleep. I thought I heard something.

Old Man.—So you did, son. It was the down mail.

Young Man.—She doesn't stop here now ?

Old Man.—She hasn't stopped at Tubbermurray, that great mail train, for over thirty years.

Young Man (with a stare of wonder).—You mean to say she used to stop here once upon a time ?

Old Man.—She did. She did. Old Martin McDonnell, he was the Stationmaster then. Many's the time he waved the green flag and blew the whistle for her then. He's dead this fifteen years.—Aye, I mind well the funeral.

Young Man.—Then Tubbermurray wasn't always like what it is now ?

Old Man.—No, sir, it was not. 'Deed, no. D'ye see over yonder ?

Young Man.—Yes. Where the nettles are.

Old Man.—Aye. Where the great beds of nettles be. Aye.

Young Man.—Yes. Well, what about it ?

Old Man.—There was once great works—once great works—tremendous. The smoke from the chimneys darkened the heavens.

Young Man (yawning).—Yes ? (He makes an effort to talk). It's a great pity it couldn't be revived.

Old Man.—That what couldn't be revived ?

Young Man.—The industry, or whatever it was.

Old Man.—It's not on this bridge in those times you'd be stretched at this hour of the day.

Young Man.—I suppose not. But I'm—I'm glad it's different now. I came here for a few weeks rest.

Old Man.—Aye. It's a restful place, Tubbermurray, a restful place, thanks be to God. It wasn't that years ago. There was great industries there then when I was a boy. Great industries over there in the nettles. Aye, 'deed, aye.

Young Man.—There's not much signs of it now.

Old Man.—Aye. There was great industries—great industries when I was a boy. Aye, I remember them. But they're all gone now. Aye. All gone. I remember the roar and the rumble of them. Aye. 'Deed, aye. The roar and the rumble of them.

Young Man (slowly).—There's only the sound of the river now.

Old Man.—Aye. But there was once great bustle and life there long ago. Great bustle and life. But I don't know was it good. A man doesn't live in an industry. He works in it, but he doesn't live. He makes money, but he doesn't enjoy the spending of it, for he spends himself to make it. And it sucks all into it—men, women and children, and the souls of men, women and children, and spues them all out again. Aye. Young and old—old and young.

Young Man (sleepily).—Is that a fly or a wasp buzzing ?

Old Man.—It's a fly. It won't do you no harm. Buzzing. Aye. We're happier the way we are with flies instead of machinery buzzing. Aye, 'deed, aye.

Young Man (drowsily).—Aye.

Old Man.—Happier. Aye. 'Deed, aye. We can sleep in the mornings. There's no fear these times you'd be startled out of your snug warm bed with a great big — (He emits a loud sharp whistle through his fingers).

Young Man (startled).—Well, bad luck to you. I was dozing.

Old Man.—Aye. We can all sleep nice and comfortable in our beds. We can work a little and earn a little and be content. And the women have rosy faces and the children sing and play in the sun and the pleasant air and the green fields in the summer. It's better for them. Aye. Better for them. And an old man doesn't want to hear the rumble of machinery—he wants to hear the birds singing. He doesn't want to see bright lights shining in dark workrooms, but to see the big sun himself and feel the heat of him. I've heard the buzzing of a thousand spindles, but I'd rather hear the flying spindles

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of the Lord of a summer day under the big chestnut trees. Aye, 'deed, aye.

The light slowly fades. The young man falls asleep. The old man's head droops slowly.

Old Man (in a sleepy indistinct voice).—The buzzing—I can hear it again; it's machinery that's rumbling—rumbling and buzzing——

Young Man (re-echoing as in a dream).—Machinery . . . rumbling . . . and . . . buzzing . . . Yes . . . it's machinery . . . I see it . . . rumbling . . . and . . . buzzing . . .
The voice dies away.

END OF PROLOGUE.

Friends.

By DANIEL CORKERY.

THERE'S a public house where I sometimes go of a night-time—a quiet place where one can have a glass or two with a few friends. I think I may call the Prior a friend. We call him the Prior because he is a sort of general steward in the Monastery; he is, moreover, a most respectable man. He can give you the names of the fifteen Priors who have come and gone in the Monastery while he, man and boy, has been working there; and of the whole fifteen, not one can have carried himself with half the dignity of the steward who bought their vegetables for them.

If you saw his face, the quiet, steady, down-glancing eye of him—he is a tall and stately figure—the severe-looking tight-lipped mouth, his unhurried manner of directing his gaze from speaker to speaker, obviously judging them—you would feel at once that we learn but little, very little, from him of the doings at the Monastery. What happened to Father Sebastian we will never know, and as to whether the Bishop or the Monastery will win in the end about the six Masses on a Sunday, he has never ventured an opinion, nor ever by word or unguarded glance confirmed the opinion of anyone else. We know that he carries into the priests and brothers only as little of the chit-chat of the city as he brings out to us of theirs. He is as dignified, they say, within doors as without; he rules the house with a strong hand, yet he speaks scarcely above a whisper. He also rules us.

To-night I was alone when he entered. From some eagerness in his glance, some parting of the lips, it struck me that he was glad to find me there before him; I even thought he was glad to find me alone.

"Mr. Meelin," he said—after twenty years he still calls me Mr. Meelin and I call him Mr. Lynn—"Mr. Meelin," he said, "a curious thing is after happening"—I fancied he thrust back the word "me" just as it touched his lips.

The publican put his head in at the door, and I made a sign to him to bring us the usual. The door closed quietly.

"A curious thing is after happening," he repeated, moving about the room, putting his stick first in one corner and then in another.

"Not serious, I hope," I said politely, for I saw the man was troubled. He looked at me from across the room.

"It may be serious—for me."

I could only stare at him, he had spoken in so earnest a manner; this side of him I had never seen before.

"To-day—you may remember—was remarkably fine—remarkably fine in the forenoon."

He sat at the table, and kept his silence until the landlord had laid down the glasses and quitted us. "Remarkably fine in the forenoon. I felt very tired. Want of air. I did a strange thing—strange for me—I climbed to the top of the house—the attics—I needed air. It is high. It is invisible—from the garden—the garden—the streets."

He moistened his lips with just one drop from his glass. His usual way is deliberately to sip the liquor, judging it.

"The garden. The streets. I think—I think I fell into a doze. The sun was warm; you remember, there wasn't a puff. You remember?"

I nodded.

"The houses in Landor Street are high—higher than the others in the flat of the city—and as I opened my eyes, I caught a glimpse of a figure—a man—not too well-dressed, shabby almost, with no hat on his head—coming out of a skylight in one of those—queer—houses in—that street. He went along the roofs—on his hands and knees, crouching down—in a stealthy sort of way—and—and went in carefully—through the skylight of another house three houses away from the first. . . ."

By the change, the deepening in his voice, I was aware that recalling the incident had, for some reason or other, disturbed him very much indeed.

"Well?" I said carelessly, to reassure him that such things happen frequently.

"You don't feel—anything—curious in it? Ominous?"

"In the broad middle of the day!" I said, again lightly.

"But—but Landor Street?" And he looked at me with wistful significance.

"What have you got to do with Landor Street, or what happens there? It is three—four streets away from the Monastery."

"But I saw the thing happen."

"What thing?"

"What I'm after telling you—the man crawling along the roofs—stealthily—and then disappearing into——"

His voice sank, gloomily, as into an unspeakable abyss.

"But nothing happened? There was no cry?"

"No," he answered dismally. "The houses there are huge old fabrics."

I lifted the evening paper from a chair, as with inspiration.

"But there's nothing on this?"

"I know, I have searched it." His voice was not, however, less dismal than before.

"Oh, nonsense" I tossed off the phrase and I lifted my glass. He, too, lifted his, unconsciously, I think. He put it down slowly, his finger tips lingering about the base.

"Wouldn't it be frightful?" he whispered, turning foreboding eyes to the gas jet.

"How?" I said.

"If I had to give evidence," he answered, still looking at the gas jet. "The Monastery—Landor Street—Myself—Fifty years."

"But you weren't in Landor Street?"

"You don't follow. No one except me saw that—creature—enter that house. He could prove he never left the house he was in—could prove an *alibi*—only for me."

His voice shook a little, yet he went resolutely on: "You don't follow. They'll question me: 'Do the windows of the Monastery look on to the roofs of Landor Street?' and I'll have to answer: 'No, but we have attics.' They'll say: 'Is there not a parapet, a stone parapet, blocking the view of those attic windows?' And I'll have to reply: 'Yes, but if one goes out on the leads——!'"

"But you weren't out on the leads?" I said, with some surprise.

"I was," he answered me, abashed.

After a moment of uneasy silence, I said: "Don't bother about it."

"They'll say," he resumed as if I had not spoken at all, "they'll say: 'And of all the days in the year you chose this day, the day this crime was to happen, for—sunning yourself on the leads of the Monastery!'"

"But can't you say——" I finished with a wave of the hand.

"I can tell the truth, and nothing but the truth," he answered back slowly, and with rasping sincerity.

"Certainly," I then affirmed; "certainly, what else?"

"Leave it to them to get it out of me!"

"What will they get out of you?"

"Every fine day—I go out on the leads."

"Oh!" was all I could utter. I cannot say what an impression his revelation was making on me. I could never have imagined it: our Prior stretched on his back on the sloping nicely-heated slates, lazing in the sun! The humbug! Something wicked in me was seizing on the vision, as if for remembrance; but almost immediately a feeling of shame swept over me, for he had turned his face away from my eyes which, impudently though unintentionally, were staring, were glaring at the abashed creature before me. I tried to break the spell:

"But what do you think has happened?"—an awkward question.

' In Landor Street—anything might happen."

After a miserable pause he whispered despairingly :

" We'll know—in the morning."

I leaped up.

" No, we'll know now. Come. The two of us; we'll go round—through Landor street, and we'll notice if anything has happened."

" How would we know? "

" Come, anyway."

Landor Street was just as ill-lighted, as ill-smelling, as dismal-looking as it always is at that hour of the night. To me it was clear that nothing had happened. We hastened through it ; it is not a nice locality.

" There now," I said in triumph as we rounded the corner into Brien Street.

" We were late," he answered in a cold, empty voice; " it has the look of a place that a large crowd—excitement—is just after leaving."

When I came to think of it, that is exactly the look the miserable place had. Perhaps something had happened !

He didn't speak again until we reached the Monastery. He then turned and put out his hand to me—a most unusual thing with him—and I tried to be hearty. He mumbled something about having found a true friend. Then the gate shut, and I heard the bolt mournfully, quietly, pushed to. What a night is before him !

When I had gone only a short way I stopped suddenly and said to myself : " To imagine him, of all men in the world, taking advantage of the quiet that sinks down on a monastery in the forenoon to climb up to the leads for an invisible snooze in the sun ! Robbing his employers—yet ruling them—and us. His quiet eyes ! His dignity ! Let's thank God we don't pretend to be what we aren't."

If I rise early and slip down to the office of the paper, I can get it at seven instead of waiting for it to arrive here at nine. Yet it may not be worth while: there may be nothing on it about Landor Street. After all, I may never see him in a witness-box, delivered over to a scurrilous lawyer, a soft thing, sweating !

Hitting Below the Celt.

By JOHN BRENNAN.

TRADITION in Ireland is a primeval forest which must be pruned or it will shut out the sun. Every tree in it, whether its seed was carried hither by chance from some far-off country, or grew out of the native soil, is held to be sacred by some of our people. Others propose to uproot the whole growth, believing that it is just so much dead wood. The fact remains that tradition looms so large in Ireland that a Board of Enquiry is perpetually at work trying to decide our national origin. For this reason we find ourselves in the unfortunate position of a foundling child for whom one-half of the people claims a pure Gaelic parentage, and the other a blood relationship with John Bull. Between the attempts of these rivals to clothe us alternately in kilts or in trousers, we have become culturally and almost literally *sans culottes*. Perhaps the most unwelcome characteristic which tradition has fastened on our race is that which attributes to us the steely physique of our ancient heroes. We have been told that the ancient Gaels were men of gigantic strength, who could endure almost any kind of hardship, so an idea has grown up in the Gaelic beleaguered Ireland of to-day that the introduction of any comforts into this island which were not inaugurated and enjoyed by the Kings of Tara would be a particularly low form of "lése majesté." We feel that if Cucullain had to endure "the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground," we would be breaking faith with him by installing an efficient heating system in our homes, and eating a square meal occasionally, and that a proposal to modernise Irish life is an insidious attempt to rob us of our glorious past. There is a great deal in the theory that blood is an entail estate which can never pass out of a family, so we love to think of ourselves as lineal descendants of the Fianna. But though blood flows on from one generation to another, carrying the entity of a nation, yet the conditions under which the different generations are living will change the quality of the blood. The blood flowing in the veins of Irishmen to-day may be the blood of the Fianna, but it is also the long-suffering blood of a Cromwell-ridden people, the blood of the people of the Penal days, the blood of the people of the famine days. Ireland's long defiance of alien rule gave birth to hundreds of martyrs, and just as the accidental tilt of a prince's hat may start a new fashion in England, so the fact that most great Irish men were martyred gave a new slant to the Irish mind. Martyrdom

has become part of our national tradition, and just as it used to be said of another people, "scratch a Russian and you'll find a Tartar," so it could be truly said of Ireland, scratch an Irishman and you'll find a martyr. Nationally we have become so used to discomfort and privation that we regard it as part of our normal life, and when people of other nations that are used to comfort, comment on our poor standard of living, we turn on them in pious horror as if they had attacked our moral standards. The youth of the country sniffs comfort far off in foreign lands, and timid and wary like a mouse eyeing the cheese in a trap, it decides to risk everything and capture the dainties of life. Discomfort is the greatest emigration agent in Ireland to-day. For hundreds of years we were fed on the crumbs that fell from the master's table, and the present generation is not fit to go the pace with Cucullain. Not only in Ireland, but throughout Europe, the present generation is suffering from the follies of their fathers. England a few centuries ago was sowing her wild oats with a prodigal hand, and the Irish aristocracy, who were always most scrupulous to be in the English fashion, neglected all other branches of agriculture in order to sow that crop which was so popular in England. As Ireland was not a country that had a lot of rich young colonies from which to reimburse herself, the wolf was more often at the door than the baker's cart. Our traditional Irish method of keeping the wolf from the door was to invite him in to dine, for we clung to the creed, "noblesse oblige," even when it was written as our epitaph. When England's prodigals abandoned the sowing of their wild oats in the reign of Victoria, and began to busy themselves sowing their Quaker oats, they found that there was still a fatted calf in the byre, but the Irish prodigal returned home to find that the only stock he had left was the wolf at the door. The people of the Victorian age inherited all the morning after ills of their roystering ancestors, and though the mass of the people of Ireland had never had their fling with the prodigal few they found that the bills of the fathers were visited not only on the children, but on the tenants also. As the Irish aristocrat changed his estate and became a farmer, the standard of living got poorer and poorer in Ireland, for the crumbs no longer fell from his table to nourish the under dog. The siren on the steam ships lured the food of the farmer's table to the foreign markets, for nationally we had become so used to rationing that we regarded plenty as surfeit. So it has come about that this country, which is invalided by centuries of poor living, has come to see something æsthetic and spiritual in under nourishment. The ladies of a bygone day systematically starved themselves in order to acquire the female figure then in fashion, for the trouble about the sixteen inch waist is that you cannot eat your cake and have it. In a similar fashion to-day we hope to restore

the heroic figures to Ireland by imposing the privations and discomforts which past generations had to endure on a nation which is feeble for want of nourishment. In those interesting astral pictures which appear in the books of Mrs. Besant and others of her belief, the emotions and spiritual development of human beings are shown by patches of colour radiating around certain parts of the body. The head of a highly intellectual human in these pictures is stained with bright yellow, but the rest of the body is the same colour as that of any other poor mortal. I would like to see an astral picture made of a group of modern Irishmen. I feel certain that would reveal them as spiritual and Celtic from the neck up, but from the neck down they would have just the same old human bodies. If such a picture could be made, it might induce Gaelic propagandists to observe the Queensbury rules, and not to hit us below the Celt.

Remy De Gourmont.

A MONK OF THELEME.

By PADRAIC COLUM.

Decadence and other Essays on the Culture of Ideas, by Remy De Gourmont:
translation by William Aspenwall Bradley.

NIETZSCHE, according to Bernard Shaw, was the first to discover that philosophers had got to take to the practise and the craft of journalism: if they would be read they would have to write in editorials, paragraphs and headlines, and leave long expositions to the mere makers of books. Remy De Gourmont made the same discovery. He is not a headline-artist as Nietzsche was, but he was a great editorial-writer and paragraphist. He does not set out to make a book. "What good is it for me to pretend, for example," he asks, "that these miscellaneous articles are closely bound together by a common idea? Doubtless some of them hang together fairly well, and seem even to grow one out of the other; but, in its ensemble, the book is merely a collection of articles (he was speaking of "La Culture des Idees"). When Voltaire wanted to give his opinion on a current topic, he published a pamphlet. We, to-day, publish an article in a review or a journal. But Voltaire, at the end of the year, did not gather his various pamphlets into a volume. He let them follow their destiny separately. They were collected only in his complete works, where, then, it was possible, grouping them according to their affinities, to avoid that variegated air necessarily assumed by our collections of articles."

Well, the essays that have been translated and collected in the volume entitled "Pecaderie and other Essays on the Culture of Ideas," hang together very well. A method rather than an idea binds them and gives them a unity. That method is uniquely Remy De Gourmont's as the trans-valuing of values was uniquely Nietzsche's. His method is to divide the "commonplace," as the translator calls it, or the truism, into its two parts—the fact and the abstraction that has been tied to it. His method is analogous to what in chemistry is called analysis. The original association of ideas—the fact and the abstraction tied together—was made not in accordance with verifiable exactitude, but in accordance with man's pleasure and interest—crime-remorse, virtue-recompense, vice-punishment, duty-happiness, authority-respect, future-progress.

These are amongst the "commonplace" that philosophers have to break up as the chemist has to resolve certain substances.

And what of the most dangerous commonplace of all—the commonplace that is represented by nationality-force? Disarmament Conferences can do very little until the disassociation of this idea has been made. When we have read Remy De Gourmont we know that a psychological operation must precede every movement towards liberation. Ultimately this philosopher offers us an association which might be a great liberation—death-nothingness. “Humanity insists upon considering them separately. It opposes their union with all its force, never tiring of driving between them a chimerical wedge upon which resound the hammer-blows of hope.” Perhaps. But Remy De Gourmont is really unsophisticated when he plots out the rise of the idea of individual immortality.

His portrait suggests a monk, and as one contemplates it, one is intrigued into seeing in this artist-philosopher the re-incarnation of one who did much for the disassociation of ideas a thousand years ago—the Breton Abelard. That portrait, so rich in suggestiveness, shows us one who belongs, not to society, but to an order; one who is removed from the world, but who knows the world’s secrets; one to whom the beauty and the power of the world come again and again for counsel. And yet, what dramatic confrontations would be suggested to us if we actually met in the cloisters one with such a look as this. The mouth with its protuberant lips has as much character in it as the whole of another man’s face; the wide but not limpid eyes have brows that are at a Satanic angle. The brow is dominating, the nose is salient. No rule could mitigate the irony and the sensuality that is in this face.

Remy De Gourmont belongs to a monastery, but it should be that monastery that Rabelais projected—the Abbey of Theleme. Only the wisest men and the most beautiful women would be there, and the rule they should live under would be “Do as thou wilt.” Remy De Gourmont might be the Abbot, and he would make us familiar with a philosophy that would not be a rationalization of our interests and our desires, but that would be “merely a commentary on life, but on life as a whole.” He would show us that idealism and materialism are one. He would make his community transcend mediævalism by abolishing the duality, soul and body. “Man separated from the rest of nature is a pure mystery. To understand something of our own constitution, we must plunge ourselves humbly into the vital milieu whence religious pride has withdrawn us, in order to raise us to the dignity of jumping-jacks of the ideal.” He would show us that in every work of art, sex is implicit—as an overtone if not as a direct appeal.

There are two writers of English that Remy De Gourmont’s work will recall—one is George Santayana and the other is Havelock Ellis—writers who are, indeed, far apart from each other. Like

Santayana, Remy De Gourmont dislikes the Teutonic authoritative-ness that is Protestantism, and he thinks that its triumph or the triumph of the secular interests that Protestantism has given rise to over Mediterranean Catholicism would be a disaster for the European spirit. And what Remy De Gourmont has to say about our naive conception of justice is just what George Santayana has been saying in one of his recent essays. But there is in all De Gourmont writes a sensual overtone that makes his work far removed from Santayana's temperate statements. Havelock Ellis is nearest to Remy De Gourmont in his acceptance of the sensual as an element of life, and the author of "*Physique de l'amour*" and the author of "*The Psychology of Sex*" believe in "situating" a great part of human life "in the vital milieu" of universal sexuality. Like George Santayana, Remy De Gourmont is, in the accepted sense of the word, a philosopher; like Havelock Ellis, he is a scientist also. Like Havelock Ellis, he judges life and conduct from the totality of science. But, in addition, he is a creative artist, and his essays on problems of style in writing have an authority that could not be claimed for Havelock Ellis's essays on like topics.

The first essay in the volume, *The Disassociation of Ideas*, is the key to nearly all the statements he makes, whether they are apropos of Glory and the Idea of Immortality, or of Success and the Idea of Beauty, or of the Value of Education, or of Women and Language, or of Stephen Malarme and the Idea of the Decadence, or of Style in Writing, or of Subconscious Creation. A great victory for the human spirit is achieved when a fact is liberated from the abstraction that has been coupled with it. In our day art has been liberated from the abstractions utility, education, morality. Far back in history the Greeks made a liberation of disassociations—woman was separated from the idea of generation; the idea of generation and of carnal pleasure were separated. But in the domain of love the greatest advance has been made by Christianity—it separated the idea of love and the idea of carnal pleasure. This was one of the great conquests of humanity—"What has been mistakenly called Platonic Love is thus a Christian creation."

Whither do all such disassociations of human ideas tend? Towards that end which first came in sight when the separation of love and carnal pleasure was achieved—to asceticism. "The ideal state of human affections is the first stage on the road to asceticism, and asceticism might be defined as a state of mind in which all ideas are disassociated." Asceticism! When that word is pronounced we see that Theleme and La Trappe are not so far apart, after all!

Coastwise Lights.

By ANDREW E. MALONE.

"CAN the transports of first love be calmed, checked, turned to a cold suspicion of the future by a grave quotation from a work on Political Economy?" asks Joseph Conrad. The grave quotation from political economy had no effect upon him and the failure to arouse suspicion of the future in him enriched the world's literature. But Conrad was an exceptional boy; more usually the suspicion of the future inflicts mortal wounds upon a boy's first love. Love of adventure, love of roving "beyond the fields we knew," is that first love which is made incarnate in the sea. The sea, restless, uncontrollable, vast, offers all the possibilities of adventure, exploration and romance conceivable by the youthful mind. To see beyond the horizon is the great ambition which grave quotation from political economy usually stifles, and boys who once thought of shipping as cabin-boys settle down on stools in counting houses to live wearily ever after. The call of the sea is insistent if not always quite deafening; other sounds beat it down for a time, but it returns, and the seaside for a fortnight in summer is taken as a substitute for love's young dream.

There comes a time when "Home with its deadly round, with all its setting, things, rooms, and fields and flowers" becomes unendurable; when the wander-lust can no longer be restrained; when the seaside for a few days no longer satisfies. But home is home and business is business, and the dream of seafaring is away in the dead past. Some take to yachting as an alternative to golf, and for some hours every week they potter about impressed with the fact that they have a little boat which sails about some little bay in the glory of summer sunshine. Others read in their newspapers of the roamings of some millionaire's steam yacht, or perhaps they read the *Voyages of the Sunbeam* or *The Log of the Velsa*, and are guilty of coveting their neighbour's goods, or envying the good fortune of life's lucky ones. Most people must be conscious at some time or other of such envy or covetousness. To have a sea-going steam yacht must be one of the great pleasures of terrestrial existence. To be in a position when the humour moves to go to the Mediterranean or the Baltic, to the North Sea or the South Seas, to the Atlantic or the Pacific or the Indian Ocean, to go drumming down the Channel to the rhythm of Drake's Drum, and to take the only fitting prescription for sea fever, is surely the mark of one who is beloved of the gods. But the vast mass of humanity is not so

favoured, and year by year that vast mass demonstrates its longing for the sea by strolling along asphalted promenades or lolling in deck chairs on crowded beaches. Golden sands, silvery sands, crowded esplanades, bands, pierrots, bathing in mobs, and the noise of the waves occasionally, is all that the vast mass knows of the sea. To such have their bright dreams dwindled. Going down to the sea has become a matter of trains, boarding-houses, crowds, noise, ices, bananas, magazines and deck-chairs, bronzed faces and a tired feeling. And that is called a holiday. It is quite possible, of course, that the sleek-haired youths, who stroll about in white flannels and bared necks, think they are actually seafaring and hardy old salts. But the call of the Coastwise Lights is unheard by them—they have never learnt the meaning of that mysterious code which flickers through the darkness from the lighthouses of the world. They are only riders to the sea, whose ride is made in crowded trains during two months of the year. "The gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife" are not to be found on the most golden of sands or the most crowded of promenades.

They are to be found only *on* the sea, and since the mass of humanity must of necessity live on land, they will be left to the gull and the whale, the liner and the millionaire's steam yacht. Yet, the call of the sea is so insistent, and the urge to sea-roving so great, that the liner is usurping the function of the yacht. Passenger-carrying is becoming less of a business and something more of a pleasure, and to the sea-loving peoples of Europe, the immigration restrictions of the United States may prove a blessing. From carrying immigrants to America, ships are being diverted to carrying passengers on pleasure cruises. It is as possible to go around the world in less than Jules Verne's allotted time as it is possible to have all the luxury of the steam yacht without being a millionaire. Some of the largest and best-appointed liners in the world are now at the disposal of people whose first love was shattered by an argument from political economy. The way of the gull and the whale can be followed in such comfort that it seems like bringing a large, up-to-date hotel into contact with the most primitive of creatures. All the sensations of Columbus, Magellan, Cook or Marco Polo may be experienced, and an admiralty of the ocean-sea is obtainable by large numbers of people. The Straits of Magellan, the Cape of Good Hope, the Bay of Biscay or the Bay of Naples, the Skager Rack or the Golden Horn, the Golden Gate or the Caribbean may all be explored in a style that would make Prince Henry the Navigator sigh with envy, and a speed that would have helped Martin Alanzo Pinzon to avoid going down to history as a cheat and a fraud.

But the blue water is not for all. The claims of home and time cannot be denied, nor the claims of political economy broken.

Time and money are still important to follow the gull's way and the whale's way, but the lure of the Coastwise Light is there for all. The Irish Sea, St. George's Channel, the Atlantic, the Solent, and the English Channel may have neither the spaciousness nor the glamour of the ocean-sea, but they have the virtue of accessibility. They wash the national door-step. They do not demand either much time or much money to explore. They can be traversed in comfort by the least sea-worthy of humans. And they are worthy of attention if only because they are our own home seas, as much a part of us as our counties and our cities. Yet, when people boast of the cities and the counties they have visited, they never apologise for the seas they have ignored. But geography is more a matter of seas than of cities, of ships than of trains, and human development owes more to the seas, the curiosity they roused and the desire to conquer them, than can easily be estimated. The desire to explore, to wander, to cross "dry-shod from shore to shore," is one of the finest of human emotions, and it can be appeased to-day at the cost in time and money of an ordinary summer holiday. The southern seas of Great Britain and Ireland can be discovered and explored in eleven days at a cost of ten pounds. The time and the money can be lounged away on a beach or a promenade, but in that way they can give neither the exhilaration nor the repose that can be had by eight days living on a ship at sea. Being on the sea is a very different thing to being at the sea. At the sea is at best only a view of the sea from the land. On the sea is being sustained, caressed, supported and refreshed by the sea; the sea is all about and only the land is vague in the distance. On the sea the horizon becomes a reality instead of something talked about, and sunrises and sunsets make art seem faded and paltry.

Board the *Lady Cloe*, or other ship of the British and Irish fleet, at the South Wall, Dublin, any Saturday afternoon during the summer months with the little crowd of dreamers sailing east.

"We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-stifled town;
We yearned beyond the sky-line where the strange roads go down.
Came the whisper, came the vision, came the power with the need,
Till the soul that is not man's soul was lent us to lead.
As the deer breaks—as the steer breaks—from the herd where they graze,
In the faith of little children we went on our ways."

There is, perhaps, not much of the faith of little children in the assembly. They are bound for London, and the Captain knows the way. But there is faith all the same as the ship breaks from the man-stifled town and steams slowly down the Liffey and into the wider reaches of Dublin Bay with Killiney Hill on the right and Howth Head on the left. Down past the lighthouses, the Poolbeg and the Bailey, past Dalkey Island and into sight of Bray Head. The Sugar Loaves are bathed in sunshine, apparently very close, gaunt, bare and

uninhabited. Wicklow Head looms up, and in the gathering gloom its lighthouse is friendly, but yet its loneliness is uninviting. The coast of Wexford is seen but dimly, and its twinkling lights, reflected from the waters, produce that first fine impression of the Coastwise Lights, to be so deeply engraven upon the mind before the Thames is reached.

Out from Wexford into the open sea that is called the English Channel, and is but a part of the great Atlantic Ocean. Sunday will be spent out of sight of land, sea everywhere, sea and the golden sunshine, brilliant, scorching, exhilarating. Occasionally a ship is sighted making its way to Ireland, to Wales or to Bristol, specks on the vast expanse of water, on the curved surfaces looking like little fishes in a big glass bowl.

The westers came as steady as the Trades;
Brightly it blew, and still the ship did shoulder
The brilliance of the water's white cockades
Into the milky green of smoky smoulder.
The sky grew blue and the air grew colder.
Southward she thundered while the westers held,
Proud, with taut bridles, pawing but compelled.

Only the bells calling to meals disturb the silences, the steady throb of the engines seem only to emphasise them. Away behind can be traced almost to the horizon the course of the ship, lighter in colour, edged by white foam, than the expanse of water through which the ship passes. Games of every kind are provided aboard from chess to deck skittles, and in the saloon is a piano for any who may desire its solace. Dance if there is need, sing if it must be so, have distraction if the sea is boring. The golden rays of the sun setting away over Ireland, reflected by the deep green of the waters, is a distraction which Turner would have loved, but for which all may not have the taste or the desire. South and east the ship goes steadily till, late in the evening, the coast of Cornwall is sighted, and later, through the darkness, comes the first twinkling of the Longships Light, then on into Plymouth.

Monday morning may be spent in visiting Plymouth, a town of much interest, even if Drake's game of bowls be discredited by those of a sceptical disposition. But the Hoe can be visited, and the capacity for memorising verse may be tested by reciting:

"Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devons Seas,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Ravin tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
'Take my drum to England, hang it by the shore,
Strike it when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago.'"

If the Dons reach Devon now they are very peaceful Dons

who are more likely to be facilitated by a Selfridge or a Leverhulme than by a Drake, as Plymouth is now more interested in trade than in war. Thus time hath victories without the sound of drums.

Out of Plymouth and on to Southampton water, past Devon and Dorset to the calmer, more bourgeoisie, beauties of Hampshire. As the darkness falls, the Coastwise Lights assert themselves, now the lights of towns in addition to the sailor's guides. But still the light-houses compel attention, the little ones that seem to be giving a friendly and knowing wink no less than the larger ones that cast sweeping beams for long distances over the surface of the waters. Anchor is cast in Southampton water and early in the morning the quay is reached. Some parts of the older Southampton still remain, and a few hours may be pleasantly spent in walking about the town. But Southampton is now probably the most important passenger port in the world, and from her quays the largest liners in the world start upon their journeys. Here may be seen the *Olympic* or the *Beren-garia*, the *Leviathan* or the famous yacht *Shamrock*—possibly all four together—with the largest ships of all the well-known lines. Here it will be seen

The Liner she's a lady by the paint upon 'er face,
An' if she meets an accident they count it sore disgrace.

But should she meet an accident there is the largest floating dock in the world, and the world's most famous shipbuilders, to attend to her. Watch one of these great liners go out; she seems to say, in the words of Masfield:

I march across great waters like a queen,
I whom so many wisdoms helped to make;
Over the uncruddled billows of seas green
I blanch the bubbled highway of my wake.
By me my wandering tenants clasp the hands
And know the thoughts of men in other lands.

On again, down the Solent, along the coast of Sussex, past the towns and villages where Sheila Kaye-Smith's people live their tense lives, that country which probably contains more well-known writers than any other space of similar size in the world:

Choose ye your need from Thames to Tweed,
And I will choose instead
Such lands as lie 'twixt Rake and Rye,
Black Down and Beachy Head.

The lights of Eastbourne, the fashionable, are the last that the voyager sees ere sleep claims him, and he goes through the Straits of Dover. When he wakes he will be thinking of the Thames, where:

We greet the clippers wing-and-wing that race the southern wool;
We warn the crawling cargo-tanks of Bremen, Leith and Hull;
To each and all our equal lamp at peril of the sea—
The white wall-sided warship or the whalers of Dundee.

The London river is a most uninviting thing where it joins the sea, and were it not for its shipping would surely be the most uninteresting thing in the world. But barges and tugs, liners and revenue cutters, pilot boats, dredgers, training ships and warships make it one of the most glamorous of the world's waterways. By Greenwich Hospital and the Observatory, which standardises clocks, in a short time the Dome of St. Paul's appears between huge warehouses. Slowly the ship goes up-stream, slowly she approaches a park, which is Shadwell, slowly to the wharf where the Customs officers come aboard. Then more slowly still through tortuous windings into a dock which is one of the most dismal things the world holds, but which has a homely air given it by the name A. Guinness, Son & Co., Ltd., painted in huge white letters across the dingy, very old, warehouse, and the large cases of Jacob's biscuits stored close by. But this is London, and in a couple of days the Coastwise Lights will beckon once more as the ship makes her return four-day trip back to Dublin.

Go, get you gone up-Channel with the sea-crust on your plates;
Go, get you into London with the burden of your freights,
Haste, for they talk of Empire there, and say, if any seek,
The Lights of England sent you and by silence shall you speak.

Book Reviews.

On the Rhine :

LIFE IN THE OCCUPIED AREA. By Katharine Tynan. Hutchinson. 18s. net.

The very numerous admirers of Katharine Tynan's work will probably read this book with enjoyment. In it everything is pleasant—the Germans and their British guardians, the trains and the railway porters, the scene and the style. The book is of the superficial, gossipy kind, which is evidently to the public taste just now, and for that reason alone it will be popular with library subscribers. The Treaty of Versailles made the necessity for a British garrison in the Cologne area, and being interested in the garrison, Katharine Tynan visited the area. She made the amazing discovery that the "Huns" are really quite decent folk, and not at all the barbarous tribesmen of war propaganda. This discovery fits the present necessities of British foreign policy, so the book is sure of attention. Those who seek information on the economic and social conditions of post war Germany will be well advised to seek it in books less charming but better informed.

JAMES MARTYN.

Duse :

ELEONORA DUSE. By Jeanne Bordeaux. Hutchinson. 21s. net.

This is a well-illustrated but not particularly well-written sketch of the great actress who died in America in 1924. The author says "I believe that no one in the world ever succeeded in knowing her as I did," and she presents an intimate and convincing account of the great actress's life, "the simple, true story of Eleonora Duse's life from birth to death." And what a life it was! Eleonora Duse was certainly *figlio dell' arte*. She was born while her parents were members of a touring company, appeared on the stage first at the age of four years, and died whilst herself on tour at the age of 65. This book will be welcomed by thousands of Duse's admirers.

A. M.

George Wyndham :

LIFE LETTERS OF GEORGE WYNDHAM. By J. M. MacKail and Guy Wyndham. 2 vols. Hutchinson. 42s. net.

The two-volume biography tends to become a vice. Lest it might appear that a man's worth is to be measured by the length of a biography, it may be said at once that the worth of George Wyndham cannot be measured in two volumes of over eight hundred pages. It might have been measured in two hundred pages. While ponderous tomes bury Wyndham, a small succinct biography might have revealed and enshrined him. Wyndham was great in nothing but in his personality. In all things he was the amateur, the dilettante; his energies were expended in spasms, and he was deficient in that infinite capacity for taking pains which so often masquerades as genius. There was in Wyndham the essence of genius, and he has left his marks upon many parts of the life of his time where they will long endure. In art, as in politics, he was an amateur—yet his political career profoundly affected Irish social and economic conditions, and it might have affected political conditions had his colleagues had his vision and his courage. But they had not; his effort failed, and his career as a politician ended. His brief tenure of the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland which ended in such apparent

failure, was in reality his great life-work, the only work that will endure. When the charming personality is forgotten, the Wyndham Land Act must still be remembered as one of the land marks of recent Irish history. It was fitting that a descendant of Lord Edward Fitzgerald should thus affect Irish history. These volumes, despite their size, reveal that personality which was once so popular, so that a new generation can understand the reasons for general esteem in which George Wyndham was held. For this the authors are to be thanked, and for this alone their two volumes deserve a wide appreciation.

A. E. M.

Three Novels:

THE MONKEY PUZZLE. By J. D. Beresford. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

CORAL. By Compton MacKenzie. Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.

THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.

These three novels are of outstanding merit, but the meritorious thing in each is different. They all deal with the life of our day, but to each author that life is different in quality as in quantity. All three are realists, but one, at least, is also a sentimentalist. Two of them have the qualities of best-sellers, as two have already appeared serially in newspapers or magazines. One of the authors, Mr. J. D. Beresford, is unlikely ever to become a very popular writer. He has not the virtues, or the vices, that produce "The Green Hat" or "If Winter Comes" to be read by talkative millions. Has he not himself admitted in suppressed sorrow his struggles with the American magazines? His circle of readers will always be narrow, while the circle widens with each novel produced by Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith and Mr. Compton MacKenzie. And the popularity of these two writers does not in any way indicate that they are inferior to Mr. Beresford. Quite the contrary. To be popular it is not always necessary to be as Mr. Hutchinson or Miss Dell.

Complexes of all kinds absorb Mr. Beresford—only once or twice has he escaped from them—and in recent years they seem to have absorbed him completely. Feminine psychology may be a fascinating thing for ordinary mortals as well as for novelists; it is for the novelist to make it fascinating. This Mr. Beresford fails to do. Interesting he is always, careful and painstaking in the delineation of character, meticulous in his writing, but absorbing he never is. His characters never have that vivacity which can fascinate the reader—one reads Mr. Beresford, always conscious that one is reading. The glamour of life escapes his pen. *The Monkey Puzzle* is Mr. Beresford at his best—careful, painstaking and just a little dull. Brenda Wing, wife of an English squire, convinces herself that she is indispensable to Abby Mattocks, an artist who will drink himself to death without her inspiration. She allows Mattock to kiss her in her husband's park, is seen, and a village is given a theme for scandalous gossip. The Wings, husband and wife, try to fight, but Mrs. Wing's unconventionality is too much for the village mob, urged and assisted by Mrs. Grundy, her name is Priestly, and the wife of the Vicar, who constitute themselves a kind of vigilance committee. Abby is set upon while painting, is badly injured, returns to London, and dies. How the title fits the story, readers must discover for themselves.

It cannot be said that Mr. Compton MacKenzie's *Coral* will add anything to his reputation. Nominally it is a sequel to *Carnival*, but it has none of the qualities which gave that book distinction. Its only connection with *Carnival* is that it is written by the same man and carries some of the names of the people from that book. *Coral* is the daughter of Maurice Avery, and Frank is the son of Jenny

Pearl. Maurice and Jenny had a love affair in *Carnival*. Their children meet, love and marry in *Coral*. Of course their married life does not run smoothly—are they not expiating the sins of their parents? And their child Iris dies, evidently to provide the opportunity for bringing her parents and their respective families together in amity at the end of the book. *Coral* is likely to be very popular. It is written in an easy style, its characters make no demands upon the intelligence such as Mr. Beresford's do, its love-making is that of a novelette, and its end is calculated to produce those tears of joy which were, perhaps, its purpose.

The outstanding novel of the three is certainly *The George and the Crown*, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. Her last novel was calculated to produce doubt amongst those who thought her a great novelist, but *The George and the Crown* will bury the doubt. This story of the love of Daniel Sheather and Belle Shackford is worthy of a place beside *Sussex Gorse* and *Joanna Godden*. It is the simple tale of simple people who lived in the little Sussex village of Bullockdean. Daniel Sheather is the son of the landlord of "The George," the "low" tavern of the village. Belle Shackford is the daughter of an impoverished farmer. Belle is in love with the son of the landlord of "The Crown," which is "almost a country hotel," Ernley Munk. Sheather and Munk are close friends, and when Belle and Munk quarrel, Sheather brings them together. When they seem to have quarrelled irreparably, Sheather confesses his love to Belle, but she rejects him and marries Munk. Sheather goes to Sark to his mother's people and lives the life of a fisherman. He marries, but his wife dies at the birth of their son. Sheather and his child return to Bullockdean to find his family scattered, and "The George" in other hands. He meets Belle again, finds her unhappy and Munk prosperous and unsatisfied. Belle leaves Munk and goes to Daniel Sheather—but only for a few hours. She returns to her husband and Sheather goes to sea. The lives of these very simple Sussex folk are magnificently portrayed. And even when it is the farmer-fisherfolk of the island of Sark that have to be portrayed, the hand of Miss Kaye-Smith never falters. Her Sark is as real and as natural as her Sussex, and she makes it clear how close the one is to the other. *The George and the Crown* is certain of popularity, and by its popularity it will prove that there is a demand for fine literature. Hardy is certainly a better model for Miss Kaye-Smith than is Galsworthy.

A. M.

The Melting-Pot:

AROUND THE WORLD IN NEW YORK. By Konrad Bercovici. Cape.
12s. 6d.

Konrad Bercovici is already very well known in America as a writer of short stories of Arab and oriental life. This book will introduce him to the sociologist and the reformer, and what he has to say about the races which have settled in New York is very well worthy of attention. "New York," he says, "like no other city offers the best study of the nations of the world, samples of each being centred in different sections within easy reach of one another." "A map of Europe superposed upon the map of New York would prove that the different foreign sections of the city live in the same proximity to each other as in Europe: the Spanish near the French, the French near the Germans, the Germans near the Austrians, the Russians and the Rumanians near the Hungarians, and the Greeks behind the Italians. People of Western Europe live in the western side of the city. People of Eastern Europe live in the eastern side of the city. Northerners live in the northern part of the city, and Southerners live in the southern. Those who have lived on the other side near the sea or a river have the tendency here to live as near the sea or the river as possible. The English, islanders, living on the other side of

the Hudson as if the river were the Channel that separates them from the rest of Europe." The settlements of the different nationalities are described in turn, Africa, Asia and Europe, in a way that is a joy to read, but which at the same time prompts speculation as to what the American of 2025 will be like. "There are many Irish settlements but not one distinctively so," he says, "not one that has a life different from the lives of other peoples. The independence of the Irish has been fought for and won as much in New York as elsewhere; and the Irish, even more than the early Dutch, are the most thoroughly absorbed of the nationalities of New York city."

L. D. B.

THE CUSTOMS OF MANKIND. By Lilian Eichler. William Heinemann, Limited, London. Twelve-and-sixpence net.

The "Customs of Mankind" is modern America at its best. The scope of the work would be titanic to any other age or nation. To an American it is simplicity itself. I can imagine somebody at an afternoon-tea party saying suddenly to Miss Eichler "Why not write a book on the customs of mankind, dear?" Does Miss Eichler protest, saying: "Oh! but that would be impossible without a lifetime of patient study and universal reading?" Not at all. Miss Eichler says "What a dinky idea," and this book is the result. Without making a definite statement to that effect I suggest that Miss Eichler's method was to go to the New York Libraries and read up various books of travel and anthropology, chiefly of the chatty kind. Her bibliography, for instance, contains none but books written in English, and the majority of these are obviously journalese. Thus armed, the authoress sat down to write "the story of mankind from the very dawn of life, through barbarism, civilization, mediævalism, and modernism." There is, no doubt, a wide public for this kind of thing, but it is essentially poor fare. Both as literature and as fact, it is, to me, suspect. An Irish person tests the accuracy of a work of this kind, which deals with scores of nations and peoples, by studying its references to Ireland. Here are two instances of the author's facts:

"Among the Irish mountaineers, a marriage is considered quite a tame affair, and scarcely legal, unless the bride attempts to escape and the bridegroom overtakes and 'captures' her."

"An old Celtic legend" is given showing "how Ireland got its name." It seems that our island had the habit of sinking every few generations and drowning everybody upon it. At last "a heavenly apparition" told the people to plant "a shaft of iron in its heart." This was done and Ireland never sank again. "Because of this myth," continues Miss Eichler, "the island came to be known as Iron-land, or Ireland."

"Customs of Mankind" contains 753 pages as full as an egg of every kind of gossip information, quite a lot of it having but the vaguest relevance to human customs. How it escaped being published in fourteen fortnightly parts I cannot guess; but that undoubtedly was its true destiny. As a learned volume it falls completely flat. After reading a few chapters one does not get angry even when one of Blake's finest engravings appears over the title "An interpretation of the Creation, by Thomas Blake." I could forgive Miss Eichler the other 752 pages, but not that.

F. G.

MAZZINI: the Story of a great Italian. By Edyth Hinkley. Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.

"Grace," writes Mazzini, "is the tendency and faculty given to us all

gradually to incarnate the Ideal." Mazzini's own development of this tendency and faculty is the central theme of Edyth Hinkley's book. This is a worthy fashion of shaping biography, and by her choice of it, the author has given her work an ampler contour than is usual with the minor historians. Because of her unfailing reverent preoccupation with Mazzini as a moral force her writing, though somewhat dry, though tending at times to the vaporous, is never cold and never pettifogging. For if she does not succeed in making events and historical environment interesting in themselves, the dignity and warmth of the central theme, which reduces them to merely illustrative value, never fails to reach us.

We gain from the book an impression of pity as one of the great dynamic energies. Mazzini's whole achievement, his effect on the thought of humanity, is felt to be the outcome of an intense personal quality of tenderness—something so potent that he was able to touch with a living meaning the old beautiful words that mankind has so often slain and defaced. "Democracy" was for him "the progress of all, through all, under the leadership of the best and wisest." "A Republic" was for him "not a mere form of government: it was a principle of love of civilization, of paternal progress by all, for all." There emerges from this biography a sense of the force that moves behind such "doctrinaire" definitions—the only force that can ever "push them relentlessly to their logical conclusion." One is awed to realize, amid the hurricanes of the will-to-power, that Mazzini's world-influence may be looked upon as the gentle emanation of a compassionate ardour of heart.

K. G.

FIGURES IN LITERATURE. By J. B. Priestley. John Lane. The Bodley Head. Price, 7s. 6d.

Mr. Priestley has a human outlook on literature. He respects life in his subjects. He does not destroy or dissect. He gives us personalities, not carcasses, in his literary studies. His greatest severities, indeed, are excesses in benevolence, as when, like some affable Procrustes, he effusively stretches the mean proportions of some obviously insignificant "figure," or hospitably compresses the acknowledged adiposity of another, in order to give each a comfortable night's rest in the too-dignified bed of one of his theories.

His tolerance is extended not only to his subjects, but to his readers. He gives his impressions with a mildness that anticipates and accepts the possibility of our disagreement. And indeed his conclusions and our assent to them are matters of minor interest. We listen to Mr. Priestley, we do not carp. We listen to him because of his sincerity, ease, and breadth of outlook, because of his gentleness, humour, and sympathy. He possesses the tranquil qualities.

M. S.

WOOD-CUTS AND SOME WORDS. By Edward Gordon Craig. Dent, London. 10s. 6d.

Gordon Craig is doubtless of the race of wood-cutters that inhabit the woods of fairy-tale. There is a charm in his work—something secret and simple, fresh and fantastical as an early daisy—only to be accounted for in some such way. He knows how to call up from the wood the very life and glamour that stirs in the enchanted forests. Under his hand the dry blocks blossom adventurously, and ooze forth a sweet resin of young Christmas-trees. A magical sap rises in them and runs through his art, hinting at spells stolen from the expectant silence

when the boughs hushed about the Sleeping Beauty or green leaves trembled around the Emperor's nightingale. He has cut his way into the storied depths of the wood.

As for the "words"—they are just what one would naturally hope for from a true wood-cutter who has momentarily laid aside the charmed axe—a lumber of heavy reminiscences blazed with practical hints of impeccable clarity and excellence.

K. G.

THE CRITERION. A Quarterly Review. April, 1925. 3s. 6d. net.

The April *Criterion* is full of interesting things. There are two letters of Lionel Johnson addressed to Mrs. Guiney, containing, amongst other things, some of Johnson's thoughts about Clarence Mangan and Aubrey Beardsley. Mr. Richard Adlington writes in an understanding manner about Francois Villon, and there is a translation of an authoritative article "On the Nature of Allegory," by Benedetto Croce. The article on "Music," dealing with contemporary principles, by Mr. J. B. Trend, is very well done, and the "Books of the Quarter" is as usual one of the outstanding features of the magazine.

DROMORE. An Ulster Diocese. By Archdeacon Atkinson. W. Tempest, Dundalgan Press, Dundalk. 17s. 6d. net (postage 5d.)

THE MONASTERY OF ST. MOCHAOI OF NENDRUM. By H. C. Lawlor. The Belfast Natural History and Philosophical Society, The Old Museum, Belfast. 10s. 6d.

When the Irish language was passing from the face of our land it carried away with it a world of lore of which we are slowly recovering but sorry vestiges. The old Irish peopled every lake and river, every mountain, every forest, every acre of ground almost, with its legendary and historical notables. Their place-names succinctly described the physical features of the landscape, vividly, arrestingly. The English substituted for these picturesque words names that were as fitting, as artistic, as the clothes of a scare-crow would be on the back of a mannequin in a fashionable Parisienne modiste's establishment. The souls of our local places wilted, then perished. Dulness reigned when parish pride was no more. The Press of the country towns, their concert rooms, their churches, ceased to mirror the daily lives, the non-political hopes and fears, the intellectual and economic interests of their inhabitants. Ireland became a vague abstraction. Anyone who has hunted through our provincial newspapers for the records of remarkable men or women, natives of a given district, or for the chronicling of rustic events, seen through parish spectacles, will tell you that the game had run to cover in nearly every instance. Until the local souls are re-born there can be no pride of place, no real patriotism.

Any person who writes a family history, the story of his one parish, town, or country, performs a patriotic task. So we accord a hearty welcome to this chronicle of Dromore. It will make the inhabitants of that ancient diocese realize that theirs is no mean district—men of erudition and of character have sprung from its loins, holy men and women have sanctified its soil, warriors have made it famous by their swords. Archdeacon Atkinson gives us light from old lamps, rather than new. His researches have been mainly confined to the well-known authorities in English. On the Gaelic side, especially in place-names, he is weak, where the great Bishop Reeves is not his mentor. From the XVIIth century onwards he collects many interesting facts and a few documents relating to its churches and creeds. The Inquisition of 1657, and the State of Popery (1751)

are informing, but there is no reference to the more valuable pamphlet (Dublin, 1705) "A List of the Names of the Popish Priest throughout the several Counties of Ireland. . . . Names of those who entered into Recognizance for the said Priests"; this is but one of many omitted authorities.

Every religious body receives due consideration, as far as the Archdeacon's researches go, and all charitable treatment. We commend it to the general reader as a book worthy of regard. The absence of a map of the diocese is to be regretted. The volume is well printed and has some 19 photographic illustrations.

Mr. Lawlor's *Monastery of Nendrum* is an important addition to Irish archæology. Dr. Macalister, a competent authority, in a "Foreword" admirably appraises it.

"The work which has been done by Mr. Lawlor is a welcome illustration of the way in which Archæology can be made to supplement the scanty information to be derived from written history. . . . He has made a thorough and competent examination of the history and archæology of the selected site. He has restored for future preservation an important ancient monument—with a judicious conservatism beyond all praise. . . . So far as possible, with the generous co-operation of the proprietor, he has secured the preservation of the finds in a public museum. He has established a high standard; no one will dare, or should be permitted, to follow in his steps, unless he is prepared to conform to the model of devotion and skill which has been set by the excavation of Nendrum.

Well and truly written, Doctor!

Here in this very erudite work we have the first exact account of the internal economy of an ancient Irish monastery. It marks a firm step forward in our knowledge. Deep in research, careful and precise in statement, skilful in the best sense of archæological science, it is altogether a praiseworthy achievement. We congratulate Mr. Lawlor and the Belfast Natural History and Philosophical Society on the rich harvest they have garnered, on the fresh vista opened into our monastic past.

SEAN GHALL.

Book Catalogues.

Mr. Wm. H. Robinson, 4-6 Nelson Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, is certainly justified in describing his Catalogue No. 12 as one "of unusual interest." It is indeed one of the most pleasant compilations which ever occupied the attention of the collector, and to the Irish bookman it cannot fail to make a very special appeal by reason of many choice items from more than one famous Irish library recently dispersed. Of the rarer items in this fascinating list the quality may be judged by such descriptions as "Three Unknown books printed at Aberdeen," "Four Unknown editions of Cicero," "The First Circumnavigation of the Globe," "The Only Copy Known" (Oudin's *Refranes O Proverbios*, Paris: 1605); and these entries are of quite frequent occurrence.

Southwell's *St. Peter's Complaint*, 1616, and also the same poet's *Epistle of Comfort* (same date). A large and fine copy of *The Nuremburg Chronicle*, 1493. The Jensen *Pliny* of 1472, "with large margins." The rare "pirated" first edition of *Prior's Poems on Several Occasions* (there is also, most considerably included for the benefit of the poorer collector, the edition of 1709). The *Petrarch* of 1472, a "large, fine and perfect copy," with "magnificent margins," as may be seen from the excellent illustration which enhances the masterly description of the volume—these are a few amongst many treasures the mere describing of which is a joy to read.

The MSS. offered for sale are very numerous, and include many items of the first importance from the Historical, Literary and General point of view. No. 750, *Statutes of Westminster, Gloucester, Winchester, York, etc.*, 161 leaves, vellum, early fourteenth century, is certainly a document which will be unlikely to pass into private ownership. Its value from the legal point of view can hardly be exaggerated, and yet I venture to think that to the non-legal reader the few lines of verse added by the scribe—a sigh of relief, as it were, on the completion of his task—will have more interest than any other portion of the book. Mr. Robinson will, I hope, pardon me if I transcribe them for the benefit of our readers

I have hard many men make their mone
that lawyers frendlye weare to none
but whether yt be true or no
it is not lawfull to saye soe.

Another desirable MS. is No. 472, *A Poetical Commonplace Book*, early seventeenth century, containing, amongst a mass of interesting verse, some lines which—as the Catalogue points out—bear a very striking resemblance to Drayton's famous sonnet, *Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part*.

The gentleman who has gathered together another collection in MS. (No. 471) has prefaced them with a statement whose modesty some modern anthologist would do well to imitate. "A Collection of Miscellany Poems from the greatest Poets, Both Ancient and Modern, that i have Read & here place for my own Entertain-ment, to divert Malincolly Thoughts, And assist My Memory, That was never Good at no Time."

Spenser, Sandys, Herbert, Crashaw, Waller, Cowley and others have been drawn upon to "divert" his "Malincolly Thoughts," but after a few lines of Randolph's *Platonick Elegy* he seems to have abandoned it; and I, for one, can hardly blame him, although I see that poem included in the altogether delightful *Week-End Book* (the new edition of which is even better than the first).

"English Books of the 16th and 17th century, printed abroad," form a section (652-720) of this Catalogue, and a fascinating section it is, with its many almost unprocurable editions, but I turn aside from these rarities to a little book, priced very moderately at 10/6, an old friend of mine, John Austin's *Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices, with Psalms, Hymns and Prayers*, a copy of the first edition, Paris, 1668. My own copy is the second Rouen, 1672, and it was printed again in 1684. The little book had the distinction of being publicly burnt, but the author, I am glad to say, escaped that fate, for he died "in Bow Street, Covent Gardens," in 1669.

Here, too, is *The Flaming Hart, or the Life of the Glorious S. Teresa*, printed at Antwerp in 1642, by (of all people!) Johannes Meursius. (May the Recording Angel remember Johannes the printer and forget Johannes the writer, when the old scholar's accounts are made up!)

I note that the works of Mr. Alexander Pope, 1st edition, 1717, although "a very fine copy," lacks the portrait. And so, alack, does my own copy of this distinguished folio. I sincerely wish that purloiners of these portraits would either relinquish their nefarious habit, or else extend their sympathies to embrace the collecting of books; for, I can assure them, that in no place does a poet's portrait show to such advantage as facing the title-page of his works.

In the MSS. account books of Earl Fauconberg (1627-1700) there are some entries regarding pictures which should at least interest a modern dealer: "One Head of Vandyke," "A Head of Rembrandt," "A Head of Rubens"—all at £8 a piece. "Our Lady, with Our Saviour and St. John," by Leonardo da Vinci, £35. Here again are a few trifles picked up at Venice: "One Venus of

Tician," "One Magdalen of Georgion," "Two little pictures of Tinteret," "Two other little ones of Caracio," "One old Woman of Tinteret," "One old Man's head of Paulo Veronese," "One little head of Titian," "One old Woman's head of Rembrand." These things are not priced, but judging by what our traveller paid for his "Heads at £8 a piece," he probably had them fairly reasonably.

The Medical profession is also provided for in this wonderful book list, and their section, though small, contains some unusual things. An *English Medical MS.* (c. 1610) has some remedies which may not be familiar to the general practitioner of to-day :

Yf the brayne panne be beaten downe, let the sycke hold a Lute string in his mouth, hold the other ende in yor fingers, starte playe on it with yor finger, wch bu no meanes he can endure.

(And small blame to him say I, although it be a doctor of music who played.) Temperance advocates may be interested to know that "The Powder of burnt Snayles taken keepeth a ma fro dronkennes." Our author in one of his recipes (which he describes as "good to know, but abominable to use,") has evidently gone "beyond the beyonds," for in the margin, in another hand, is the comment "plaine folery."

In a copy of Leonard Phioranant's *Chirurgery, etc.*, 1652, there is inserted an autograph letter from a patient, which (although he seems to have been in a very bad way indeed) is at once a lesson and model for those who ring up their doctors at all hours on the telephone, and then give them hardly time to dress.

For Jesus' sake be pleased to come to me [he says] with al convinent speed possible . . . I have not eaten one bit of bread since thursday noone ; and that night I fel a fasting and shortly after, and ever since, I have and still doe spit up in great abundance my very longs : and therefore unles some remedy may be gotten (which I doubt of) my tyme is but short in this world. I hope you wil not fayle to come to him who so heartily desires it, and continues at, Sr. yor disposall, G. Manering.

The perfect gentleman, surely, to the very end, even though the doubt motif has entered into his thought of the doctor.

But enough. "I intend not a volume of praises larger than his book." Suffice it to say that not even the poorest bookman can afford to keep the shilling by the spending of which he may obtain admission to that pleasaunce of whose joys I have but given you a taste.

S.

The Catalogues of Mr. John Grant, 31 George IV Bridge, Edinburgh, are always a pleasure to handle, not only for the excellence of their contents, but also by reason of the extremely competent manner in which the cataloguing is done. His latest, "May, 1925," consists of Fine Arts, Music and Literature, and runs to 50 pages. The first section (Art) has many things to delight the heart of the collector of Prints—Mezzotint, Line, Engraving or Etching. A few modern Press productions are here at prices which seem to me most moderate. The beautiful little Ronsard, for instance, of the Eragny Press, with head-pieces and initials by Lucien Pissarro, is certainly a bargain at 21s, and so is *The Descent of Tishtar*, by the same press, and decorated by the same artist, at 16s.

Musicians will find (pages 25-41) many things not generally obtainable, and also moderately priced. In the final portion, which is devoted to General Literature, outstanding items are the noble *Marlowe*, 3 vols., 1885, and *Marston*, 3 vols., 1887, which are amongst the finest editing work of A. H. Bullen. Gosse's *Sam Rowland's* (Huntonian Club, 3 vols., 1880) are well worth the price asked for them. But what is the *Tales of War* (Dunsany) doing in this galley.

G.D.T.